Washington College Review

a liberal arts journal

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WASHINGTON COLLEGE REVIEW

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The *Washington College Review* is a liberal arts journal that seeks to recognize the best undergraduate student writing from all disciplines of the College and to publish work deserving of wider availability to readers in the College community and beyond.

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A WORD FROM THE EDITOR

I HAVE DONE A BIT OF TRAVELING LATELY and everywhere I go, after I tell people where I teach, I am presented with the question, "Oh, in St. Louis?" And sometimes, "You mean George Washington, in D.C.?" I usually take a deep breath and mention the 50 guineas, the "official" sanction of the name, the glory of the Eastern Shore and all of the other wonderful things that make this college named for George the best one. I always talk about Sophie Kerr. When I tell the inquisitor about the amount, about the prestige, there is always an exclamation of "For an undergraduate?!" I smile and move on.

Because it is impressive. It is impressive how my colleagues in all departments nurture writers, how the conversation about writing at Washington's college is ongoing, how our students excel at articulating, shaping and persuading through their writing. From the beginning, the *Washington College Review* was designed to recognize great writing across the disciplines and, for fifteen years, it has done just that.

This issue marks several important milestones in the college that George built. You are holding in your hands the fifteenth anniversary edition of the *Washington College Review* in the 225th year of Washington College's existence. As the motto for the celebration indicates, "the revolution continues."

Started by Professor Emeritus Bob Day, the first *Review* was funded by monies from across the campus: the Goldstein Program, the McLain Program, the Cater Fellows, and the first editorial board was comprised of members from each academic division. In the words of Meredith Davies Hadaway M'91(Vice President for College Relations and Marketing), it was an "instant hit." It was subsequently adopted and funded by the publications board, to which I owe a great deal of thanks.

For fifteen years, writers and artists have aspired to have a piece accepted by the *Review.* Nothing is more satisfying than having a student ask hopefully, "Is the *Review* deadline coming up?" or a colleague enthusiastically reporting, "I have a terrific paper for the next *Review.*"

The process is a rigorous and exciting one; it starts with a poster in late November announcing the invitation "Submit or be conquered!" and ends with a grand "release party" the next November at the Rose O'Neill Literary House. Over the course of the year, the student editor, the editorial board and the tireless College Relations staff help to create a true collaboration. This year, in addition to thanking the peerless editorial board of Professors Anderson, Campion, Olsen, Sherman and Weiss as well as exceptional student editor Aundra Weissert, I would also add a hearty congratulations on the anniversary of the *Review,* as well as on her recent retirement, to Professor Emeritus Jeannette Sherbondy, who set the editorial bar very high for those of us who followed. Many thanks also go out to all of the previous editors, writers and artists who contributed to the ongoing success of this special "liberal arts journal." We'd all be lost without the College Relations staff, from the aforementioned Hadaway and her band made up of Landskroeners, Brill, Mills, Noll, and Snyder. I know that I would not survive without the assistance (and forgiveness) of the Drama Department and Wednesday night support group.

This issue reflects the three components to the 225th anniversary celebration: Making History, Exploring the Environment, and Fostering a Haven for the Arts. Under these distinct umbrellas, we highlight essays, poetry, images, Socratic dialogues and allegories on a metaphysical level. We urge for a "greener" campus and investigate feminism in two different ways. As is the case with many a revolution, the *Washington College Review* is both loud and crosses all sorts of disciplinary boundaries here in Chestertown. Which is exactly how we like it, and how our George taught us.

— Michele Volansky

MAKING HISTORY

Frankenstein and Feminism:
Mary Shelley's Feminization of Romanticism

MOLLY WEEKS

NOT MERELY A HORROR BOOK, Mary Shelley's novel *Frankenstein* actually has a great deal of psychological and social commentary contained within its pages. There are frightening elements through the book, of course, but not in the manner of a traditional horror tale. There is a creature who is viewed as being monstrous, but he can also be seen as sympathetic. The true horror of Shelley's book is the manner in which the human characters behave. Shelley closely examines male psychology and what could happen to the world if the feminine ideal was pushed aside in favor of a masculine one.

The elements of feminism that can be found throughout her famous novel are not surprising, considering her background and upbringing. The daughter of writers Mary Wollstonecraft, who is often viewed as the first feminist, and William Godwin, Shelley was brought up in a house that embraced feminism, radical ideals and the arts. "In our family," Shelley's stepsister Claire Clairmont once wryly remarked, 'if you cannot write an epic poem or novel, that by its originality knocks all other novels on the head, you are a despi-

cable creature, not worth knowing" (Poovey 332). Mary Shelley was surrounded by writing and art and feminism, all of which shaped her young life. Considering also the influence of the company that she kept as a young adult with Percy Shelley, Lord Byron, and other Romantic poets of the time period, Shelley developed a pervasive personal and artistic ambivalence toward feminine self-assertion. Each of her six novels reflects this ambivalence to a greater or lesser degree.

Though feminist ideals were not always embraced during the time period, Shelley was able to use her writing to explore the concept with some subtlety: "Shelley essentially feminizes Romantic aesthetics, deriving from her contemporaries' theories strategies that enable her to fulfill her desire for self-expression in an indirect, self-effacing, and therefore acceptable manner" (333). Though she is a woman, she has learned to take in the ideas of her peers, most notably her husband Percy Shelley and his close friend Lord Byron. In fact, when *Frankenstein* was first published, many readers thought the author must be a male based on its ideas and style and tone. "Presumably because a refusal to moralize was unthinkable for a woman, most critics automatically assumed the author of *Frankenstein* to be a man—no doubt a 'follower of Godwin,' according to *Blackwood's*; possibly even Percy Shelley himself."

In her book, the character Victor Frankenstein aspires to supersede the power that women have over birth and life. In nature, it is always the female who bears children, and thus has power that a man cannot. While he contributes to the creation of a child, the actual nurturing and birth is the woman's task alone. In *Frankenstein*, however, Frankenstein tries to emulate the power of birth through his work. "Mary Shelley describes the doomed trajectory of masculine creation that displaces the female" (Pon 37). By trying to create a person without allowing them to have been born, he is taking nature into his own hands and taking a woman's power to give a human being life. As the story progresses and Frankenstein achieves his goal, it goes wrong quickly. He has given life to something, but that something is dubbed a creature, rather than a human being. "In the novel, masculine humanity that has usurped the role of the female [...] can

only produce something monstrous." The creature is perceived as an abomination of nature rather than the accomplishment that Frankenstein wishes it to be. This is a criticism of men on Shelley's part. "From the beginning of Mary Shelley's novel, masculine humanity only recognizes its own image on the basis of gender, class and race. The female, the socially inferior, and the non-European—these are excluded from the ideal and practice of generic humanity" (36).

Throughout the book, Shelley seems to have a preoccupation with the absence of mother figures. "*Frankenstein* portrays the consequences of the failure of family, the damage wrought when the mother—or a nurturing parental love—is absent" (Zimmerman 136). The creature is literally born into the world motherless since Frankenstein serves as its sole parent, and is thus without the nurturing typically associated with mother figures. As well as reflecting upon society's need for the feminine to counterbalance the masculine, it also may reflect upon Shelley's own experiences, as her mother died soon after giving birth to her last daughter. "The many dead and missing mothers in the book further reflect his unnatural project and may also suggest Mary's feelings of loss and guilt with regard to her own mother, Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, who succumbed to puerperal fever in 1797, ten days after giving birth to Mary" (Sanderson 49-50). In omitting a mother figure for the creature, as well as fixating on dead mothers in the book, Shelley, by default, brings up the question of nature versus nurture. The creature is not a thing of nature, certainly, but it is able to learn. It is destructive with the potential to calm down and be peaceful. What it really appears to want is a companion and caretaker; someone to be for him what Frankenstein cannot.

Another important selection in the book which deals with feminism is that of the creature's sought-after female creature companion. The creature, longing for companionship, convinces Frankenstein to build a female creature to be friends with. However, this experiment is aborted before it can be completed, the remains of the female creature dumped into a lake. Yet again, the creature is denied the nurture and perspective of a female, this time quite deliberately by his creator. In an act of revenge, Frankenstein too is robbed of his

only female companion. As payment for refusing to make a companion for the creature, the creature murders Frankenstein's bride, thus forcing the same fate upon his creator that his creator had forced upon him. This fits in which Shelley's overall theme, for the creature cannot deny the masculinity that has been thrust upon him in his creation. It too is stricken with the urge to control and create, urging Frankenstein to defy nature for a second time to create a friend for him. When the demand is not met, the creature strips Frankenstein of the main female in his life. As a result, the ego of men as seen by Shelley shines through the narrative as she criticizes male psychology. "The novel is commonly read as a critique of male egotism: in bypassing the woman's procreative role, Victor reveals his fear of female sexual autonomy and his own ambivalent femininity" (Sanderson 49).

In the end, it is the egotism of males that finally kills Shelley's main characters: Victor Frankenstein and his monster. At the end of the book, both have fled to the north, a region wherein another male character, Walton, is journeying to discover new things and make a name for himself. Both Frankenstein and his creature eventually perish in the cold and the creature is left weeping over the only sort of companion that he has ever known. For him, Frankenstein is the closest thing he will have had to a parental figure.

Although *Frankenstein* is a social commentary on the time period in which it was written, many of the themes and ideas explored in the work continue to resonate. Thus, her work can serve as a warning that society needs both the masculine and the feminine to survive as human beings. Having just one or the other may ultimately lead to destruction and the breakdown of nature. The horror of her book comes not from the monster, but from what people are capable of doing to each other when egotism defines action.

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Dario Fo as Political Activist: His Use of Theatre as a Political Vehicle in *Accidental Death of an Anarchist,* its Relevance Today and Audience Reception

ERIKA SALOMON

POLITICS AND THEATRE are two seemingly different topics which are so easily bred together it is a wonder more playwrights don't take advantage of the stage to communicate political activism to their audiences. Playwrights would do well to look to Dario Fo, famous clown/playwright/actor/director/political activist all rolled into one, for inspiration. Fo learned at an early age to take advantage of his theatricality to bring political awareness to the politically dysfunctional Italian public. Two of his more famous political pieces are *Mistero Buffo* (1969) and *Can't Pay, Won't Pay* (1974). Another significant piece in his vast group of work is his equally famous and frequently performed work, *Accidental Death of an Anarchist* (1970). Written immediately after an anarchist mysteriously fell from a fourth-story window while in police custody, Fo uses the piece to explore the questionable techniques used by the Italian police force to get what they want out of a victim and to explore the possibility of police involvement in the bombings the anarchist was charged with. Apparently a piece restricted by time and contemporary political activity, Fo demonstrates through *Accidental*

Death of an Anarchist that theatre is an evolving entity that can be transformed to maintain relevance in the 21st century.

To grasp the importance of *Accidental Death of an Anarchist*, it is important to examine the political tensions present at the time of its writing and the events leading up to its first performance. Since Mussolini's fall near the end of World War II, political tensions ran high between the other parties fighting for control of the government. The Communist Party and the Christian Democrat Party were continually vying for power and the head of the government changed no less than 36 times between the years of 1943 and 1974.[1] In addition to a new government, roughly every year, there were tensions in the workplace. According to *HighBeam Encyclopedia,* "there was considerable industrial unrest in the country as workers demanded higher wages and better social services."[2] It was this unrest in the workplace that first triggered Fo's use of theatre as a political vehicle. He had plenty of material considering the chaos within the Italian government at that time. Italy was not a safe place to be living in the post-war years. It was only a matter of time before someone like Giuseppe Pinelli had to fall, both figuratively and literally, for the then-current government to try and maintain control.

This is where the political tensions stood at the time of Giuseppe "Pino" Pinelli's fall from the fourth story window of the police station where he was in custody. Pinelli was an avowed anarchist; he organized and ran the youth anarchist group in the Gioventu Libertaria (Libertarian Youth) and founded the Sacco and Vanzetti Circle in 1965 and later the Ponte della Ghisolfa Circle in 1968.[3] As a result of his prominence in the anarchist movement, he caught the eye of the police and became a victim of the Strategy of Tension. The term "Strategy of Tension" refers to the period in Italian history when terrorist bombings were orchestrated by the country's own intelligence with help from right-wing extremists. The intent was to blame communists and subsequently cause a coup d'état.[4] According to the article on Giuseppe Pinelli on libcom.org, "On 25th April 1969 fascists initiated a series of bomb attacks as part of the Strategy of Tension which involved the manipulation of the Italian secret services working together with the American CIA. Some Milanese

anarchists were arrested for this as part of a scheme to discredit the revolutionary movement."[5] One of Pinelli's friends was arrested for this first series of attacks and Pinelli organized support for him and tried to help him while he was in prison. As a consequence of this support, in addition to his prior activism in the anarchist movement, he was held accountable for the December 12th attacks in 1969, which set off one bomb in Milan and three bombs in Rome.[6] After these bomb attacks Pinelli was arrested, taken into police custody, questioned and then thrown from the fourth story window of the police building. The police claimed suicide. The public was outraged. Fo decided to do something about it.

Fo was no stranger to political activism through theatre when the news broke about Pinelli's tragic demise. In the years before *Accidental Death of an Anarchist*, Fo had put together a few one-act plays, one of which was entitled *The Funeral of the Boss*. This particular play, according to Lino Pertile:

> examines industrial accidents and closes with the grotesque proposal to kill a worker in order not to upset the accident statistics. Instead of the worker a live goat is brought on stage and a genuine professional butcher makes ready to cut its throat. But the audience protests, the tension mounts, the lights go up and a debate opens as to whether the unfortunate animal should be killed or not, that is, whether things should be done properly instead of just being talked about.[7]

Dario Fo has no hesitations about bringing the audience into what is real and true about political life. More importantly, he never loses his enthusiasm for drawing the audience in and that is part of what made *Accidental Death of an Anarchist* so momentous in its delivery when it was first produced. What is also unique is its ability to be constantly changed and updated. As Fo stated in a brief interview with Anders Stephanson and Daniela Salvioni in the mid-1980s, "While we performed it, the framed trial against *Lotta Continua* [a far left group] for this massacre was taking place. The defense lawyers would come to us with daily updates on the proceedings and each night we incorporated that news into the show. In fact, we always

try to give space to the sort of facts that ordinary media channels neglect to mention."[8] Dario Fo's allowance for so much change to the script and his need to keep the material as up to date as possible permits the piece to be timeless.

This is still evident today. For example, the script used for the purposes of this research paper is recent; it is a translation written by Simon Nye and was first performed at the Donmar Warehouse in London on February 20, 2003. The plot remains the same: the Maniac enters the police headquarters pretending to be a number of characters, including a Judge who pretends to have opened the obviously Pinelli-inspired case concerning an anarchist who "jumped" to his death after being questioned by the police. The comedy ensues when the Inspector, Superintendent, and the Constable rewrite their testimony for the third time since the case was originally opened, clearly trying to cover up what actually happened. In the end, the Maniac threatens to destroy the company while everyone but Inspector Bertozzo is handcuffed. The lights then go out, the bomb detonates, the Maniac is discovered smashed as flat as the other anarchist on the ground outside the window and the reporter leaves to write another false report of what happened. Meanwhile, the policemen are left unbothered by the incident until the real high court judge appears to reopen the original case. End of play. Today's audience might find the story a bit dated, but Simon Nye finds ways to incorporate the fears of our own post-9/11 society into Fo's masterpiece.

Political tensions in the United States do not seem as dangerous as those in Italy were at the time of the original production of *Accidental Death*; however, tensions are high, particularly concerning the involvement of troops in Iraq. Protests are held, new bumper stickers reading "Support our Troops. Bring them home." plaster cars in retaliation to the trendy yellow ribbons and the floors of Congress are constantly debating exactly when, how, and if troops should be taken out of Iraq. Nye caters to this mentality and all of the fears and suspicions of post-9/11 American government come under fire in his version of *Accidental Death of an Anarchist*. For example, in Act I Scene I, the Maniac is on the phone with the Inspector from

upstairs and he makes a ridiculous fool out of the man while asking him pointed questions such as, "By the way, is it true your boss used to run a mercenary outfit in Bosnia in the 1990s?" and further goes on to say (about Justice Malcolm), "Funnily enough he's a liberal colonial type and he's got a bee in his bonnet about that whole soldiers-of-fortune-people-killing-other-people-for-money thing."[9] Nye also cleverly includes more references to the Gulf War and the war in Iraq. For example, when the Maniac is first introduced to the superintendent he says, "I feel I sort of know you from somewhere. You weren't connected with the supply of freelance troops to the Balkans from June 1991 to the early snows of 1992 were you by any chance…?"[10] Additionally, Nye's revisions are apparent when the Maniac introduces himself as, "Captain Mark Weeny from Forensic. Please excuse my stiff hand. It's wooden, a souvenir of the Gulf War. Say what you like about Johnny Iraqi, he knows how to whip off a hand."[11] Simon Nye is not afraid to bring this thirty year-old script as up-to-date as possible.

Perhaps the most notable change to the script is at the end of Act I when the Maniac insists on the company singing an anarchist song and they subsequently rap the words to "Don't Believe the Hype" by Public Enemy. One can't ask for something more contemporary. The words to the song may seem out of place at first because the lyrics seem to speak only from an African-American rapper's point of view. However, the audience soon realizes that the song rings true for anyone in opposition to the government. The lyrics urge the audience to "Don't believe the hype" and perhaps the most relevant lines in the song are, "The minute they see me, fear me/I'm the epitome a public enemy/Used, abused without clues/I refused to blow a fuse/They even had it on the news/Don't believe the hype."[12] These lines relate directly to the plot of the play and to any tinted media fed to the public through biased news stations.

Simon Nye demonstrates that Fo's piece has the potential to stand the test of time through alterations in the play's original script. It is also important to note how the critics received this first performance of the updated script to get an idea of how well it actually does in today's society. Two reviews, one obtained from *The*

London Theatre Guide Online and another from *The Times Literary Supplement* reflect the same concerns about the production. Amanda Hodges, of the online guide states "The problem with this production...is that despite its up to date references and Ifans' amusing presence, it swiftly comes across as wearisome, retreading the same ground and inducing fatigue rather than the intellectual engagement it should surely encourage."[13] Additionally, Jane O'Grady observes in the latter article, "*Accidental Death* elicited police harassment, bans and bomb threats thirty-two years ago. Now...it no longer baits the bourgeoisie but delights them...Not only is it difficult to make the play come across as outrageous, it is also hard to strike the right note or to carry out the play's purpose."[14] Both critics admit the fears that many audience members have of seeing politically charged plays, that those types of plays can be too preachy and do not incite the enthusiasm they are looking for. A third critic, Michael Church, from *The Independent* (London), writes a little more blatantly, "why was the event such a pain in the butt?"[15] He lists several reasons from the production itself to the ridiculousness of the song by Public Enemy, but most importantly states, "The play's leitmotif of the gentle and bookish anarchist falling/being pushed from a fourth-floor window, an idea that must have had painful immediacy for Fo's Milanese audience now has a cosy, period resonance. We're neither in Sixties Milan nor in Noughties London: in the chic confines of the Donmar, we're nowhere and nowhen at all."[16] He then ends his piece with this sentiment, "Political theatre? My arse."[17] Why is it that such a supposedly timeless piece can fall flat on its face? (No pun intended.)

Political pieces are often arguably too preachy and do not stand the test of time. In fact, a class discussion on the matter proved that many students feel this way about any overtly political piece. In the case of Simon Nye's translation under the direction of Robert Delamere, the fears expressed concerning preaching are well-founded. Ironically, in December 2006, the 30-year-old British actor Mark Blanco was at a party with rock star Pete Doherty of The Libertines. According to SPIN.com, Blanco was drunk and was asked to leave the party "after he incessantly hounded the troubled rocker about

his new play."[18] The new play? None other than *Accidental Death of an Anarchist*. His role? That of the Maniac. The irony is too serious not to notice. Blanco was preaching to Doherty about coming to his play and subsequently met the fate of his character by falling out of the window flat onto his face from thirty feet in the air. No one will ever know now how Blanco's production of the play would have been received, the production was cancelled because of his death.

When Fo wrote this piece, he was taking a stand against the government. His play was fierce, funny, and resulted in numerous threats of bombings and censorship. His play made the public think. Fo himself did not believe in violent rebellion so he used theatre to get his message across effectively. His piece was the here and now of his time and it made an impact. However, despite its ability to be edited to make room for the political society of today, it does not live up to its aspiration. The theatre community must ask why. By all means his script is relevant today. The suspicions of a post-9/11 world have yet to subside and the newspapers are always full of the latest bombings in Iraq, the deaths of soldiers, and the latest political scandal headed by the Bush administration. Perhaps though, the problem lies not with the playwright or director, but rather with the audience members. The "painful immediacy" that Michael Church discusses is clearly not present in our society. Additionally, as Jane O'Grady states, "'If people come to understand what's really going on, then we are in deep trouble' says the maniac…this is no longer outrage but folk wisdom. We all believe in conspiracy theories now, even the Queen, and everyone holds forth authoritatively about police cover-ups and establishment plots."[19] The problem seems to lie in the fact that as a society, we have moved into the age of George Orwell's *1984* without a blink of the eye. Since 9/11 we have slowly become removed from the atrocities of the outside world. Naturally, as a country we were shocked when our soil was penetrated, but the problems quickly receded back to the Middle East and everything seems distant to our nation. Do we really feel the immediacy that Fo's audience felt at the time? It seems that the answer is no. Society has become so jaded that it fails to be affected anymore by such a powerful script. Such lines delivered by the Maniac as, "People

say they want real justice...so we fob them off with a *slightly* less unjust system of justice...the exploitation goes on...They want a revolution...and we give them reforms. We're drowning them in reforms. Or promises of reforms, because let's face it, they're not actually going to get anything"[20] fail to move us. Just as children have become numb to the effects of real violence through video games, so has the rest of society become anesthetized to the political atmosphere around us. Accordingly, it is essential to look not only at Fo's message, but also how he delivered it.

It is important to recall that Fo and his company had an exquisite use of the trade of commedia dell'Arte at their fingertips. Fo is a master of this technique which relies on unscripted dialogue and the improvisational ability of the company, both in speech and physical humor. With its roots in Italy, the commedia dell'Arte style audiences are familiar with consists of simple characters and simple plot points such as trouble between two lovers, an identity mix-up, and a bed-trick. However, according to theatrehistory.com, "*Commedia dell'arte* ("Comedy of Art" or "Comedy of the profession"), means unwritten or improvised drama, and implies rather to the manner of performance than to the subject matter of the play."[21] Additionally, as an article on enotes.com observes, "Although Fo and Rame's incarnation of the *commedia dell'arte* strays from the Renaissance version in its political ambitions, it shares with Italian popular comedy the emphasis on the "comedy of the actors" and the centrality of the performer in creating theater."[22] What Fo was able to do with the art of dell'Arte is truly amazing. For example, in his performance of *Elisabetta: Quasi per Caso una Donna*, Fo plays the role of a maid servant enacting the plot of Hamlet for the Queen's secret police. Fo tries to explain that the play is, in actuality, a commentary on Elizabeth's regime. He results in dumbfounding the policeman (a subtle jab at the Italian police investigators of his time) and is taken to the angered Queen herself where she physically attempts to stop his retelling of the story but fails as Fo, in his comic genius, continues using various parts of his body to relay the story to the audience. As the article points out, "The Queen's clumsy attempts at physical censorship are no match for the irrepressible satiric impulses of the

clown."[23] Fo demonstrates his genius in outlandish comedy subtly mocking oppressors and making clear political statements. This is only a small bit of proof that his company was able to use physical humor and wordplay in a way that seems lost on today's actors and directors. As O'Grady comments on the 2003 production, "Fo expressly asserted that he was using laughter as a political weapon... As staged at the Donmar Warehouse, *Accidental Death* is often funny, but seems pointless...It is neither horrifying nor farcical enough...it is also often farcical in a clumsy, unintentional way, as with the ill-thought-out portrayal of a sexy journalist at the end."[24] Current humor is often base and immature in nature, proof made possible by such comedians as Larry the Cable Guy. There are the occasional exceptions such as political comedian Jon Stewart but it is rare to see the techniques used by Fo in contemporary theatre. The absence of commedia dell'Arte in Nye's piece may only be a small factor in its ineffectiveness, but it is still a component worth considering and for future productions.

Additionally, another part of the problem is that even though the script allows for changes and updates, the piece centers on a frequent theatrical theme that is no longer engaging. Audiences find it difficult to be shocked into change. From the evening news to *Fahrenheit 9/11,* audiences become indifferent to the horrors of the world because when we see these pieces we are removed from the story-tellers and the subjects due to the modern technologies of film and television. While live theatre creates an atmosphere perfect for memorable interactive debates and discussions, theatre goers and the theatre community alike have become used to the idea that the most audience participation required in going to the theatre involves silly activities such as the re-enactment of Hamlet from *The Complete Works of William Shakespeare: Abridged* in which the audience is asked to shout out the many emotions of Ophelia. *Accidental Death* currently lacks the shock value required to make an impact. It is no longer new and exciting, even with the up-to-date references.

Accidental Death of an Anarchist has the potential to be timeless, but what is needed to motivate the audience is a revival of other bits of Fo's work. It is funny that *Accidental Death* is so famous when

his lesser known works seem to stimulate audiences more because they actually involve audience participation. What lacks in *Accidental Death* is the ability for the audience to become actively involved in the script. In addition to *The Funeral of the Boss*, Fo also used audience involvement in a piece entitled *War of the People in Chile* which was performed almost directly after the coup d'état in Chile. Fo's wife, Franca Rame, describes the performance in Fo's book *The Tricks of the Trade*. The piece placed actors both inside and outside of the audience, posing as policemen and angry spectators and a seemingly innocent girl who merely needed to get out of the parking lot. The fear that the planted actors instilled in the audience was remarkable because the Italian public was constantly in fear of a coup d'état within their own country. The un-staged parts of the play incited debates within the audience members; some people jumped out of windows while others swallowed telephone numbers so as to avoid incriminating evidence.[25] If a piece inspired such political activism and incredible actions by its audience members, one has to wonder why such performances are no longer put on the stage. If critics the world over are complaining about how preachy theatre is nowadays and how it is so uninspirational, it is the responsibility of the theatre community to rise to the occasion and do more than just add up-to-date references to one of Fo's masterpieces. Perhaps writing a piece about terrorism where a Muslim actor is placed in the audience and then asked to leave for some vague, non-descript but completely prejudiced reason would evoke the strong emotions we feel today and uncover the underlying prejudices we each try to hide. It would certainly spark a debate among audience members. A director could place an actor in a police uniform outside or an actor in the audience claiming to be an officer for Homeland Security. A critic would certainly have pages to fill after a performance like that one and an audience member would not soon forget such an encounter.

Fo himself constantly challenges the theatre community to raise their standards and become politically active through theatre and his warnings resonate today. In Lino Pertile's essay on Dario Fo, he quotes the playwright as saying the following:

> We don't want to relieve the audience of their indignation, we want their anger bottled up and we want it to stay bottled up and to become consciously effective at the moment in which we come together and channel it into the struggle. If we do shows where everyone can unload themselves you know: 'Look at all these murderous bastards running around' and we shout then they just walk out at the end oohing and aahing. It's the polite belch, through the nose. Everything which should stay inside comes out; the anger and the hate have to become conscious actions shared with, and for, others, instead of an impotent, individualistic outlet.[26]

The 2003 production of Simon Nye's translation of *Accidental Death of an Anarchist* did what Fo warns against. Not one of the critics was moved by the piece. It is clear that the theatre community can stage and update plays such as *Accidental Death*; however, it is equally important to recognize what else worked for Fo. He and his wife did not restrict themselves to written scripts; they encouraged audience participation and challenged their audiences to see what was outside the world of the theatre. *Accidental Death of an Anarchist* is a timeless piece, but only if the theatre community allows it to change more than it has in 2003. Fo would note likely object to the addition of direct audience participation within his script, something to involve the unsuspecting audience and truly make them think about their positions on the war in Iraq today and the nation's political atmosphere. Perhaps that is all that is needed to spice up the life of the script, engage the audience and avoid such comments as Michael Church's conclusion, "Political theatre? My arse."

End Notes

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Tell Me a Story

AIMÉE KIDD

Blue cat-eye glasses, long blond hair,
proper dresses for the seventies:
your appearance to the world.
Powerless, as if under a spell;
the kind that never ends.
I still wonder how hard it must have been,
not to hear the teacher from the back of the room,
or your friends during lunch, or your brothers
when you were putting things away at home.
You didn't hesitate to embrace difficulty.
I still wonder how afraid you must have felt,
not knowing when a car was coming,
or understanding the announcements
over a loudspeaker, or answering the phone
because you couldn't hear.

Reasons for Political Instability in the Visigothic Kingdom in Iberia

GILLIAN BOURASSA

EUROPE EXPERIENCED SIGNIFICANT CHANGES during the fourth and fifth centuries of the Common Era, as the Roman Empire declined and several new kingdoms rose to prominence in the West as a result of the migrations of various Germanic and Asiatic peoples and the opportunities these peoples had to exercise political power in the absence of Roman authority. One of the new Germanic kingdoms was the Kingdom of the Visigoths in Spain. The Visigoths created a kingdom in Iberia through an alliance with Rome made under the rule of Wallia, while Theodoric and Swintilla completed the Visigothic conquest of Iberia. However, the Visigothic kings who followed these men faced several challenges from "internal enemies" and internal conflicts and dissent among nobles during three hundred years of rule in Iberia.[1] The Visigothic kings could not establish stable rule in Iberia because of succession controversies, inconsistent government policies, and the influence of several internal and external forces, all of which are problems that create the risk of unstable government in any era, medieval or modern. For the Visigoths, these problems resulted in

instability, disunity, and difficulty for the kings in maintaining and exercising power and the eventual fall of the kingdom; these same consequences can result for modern governments plagued by such conflicts.

Visigothic government was characterized by a perpetual debate as to whether the kingship would be a hereditary or an elected institution. Visigothic kings were traditionally elected from among the nobility,[2] but the degree to which the monarchy was elected or inherited varied throughout Visigothic rule. The nobility opposed an inherited monarchy because they thought that royal authority would grow in ways that would diminish their own power; the election process created tension as many different parties looked to secure power and then make the throne hereditary or even to challenge the king despite royal affirmation of the right of the nobility to choose the king, as in the case of King Recceswinth in the seventh century. The tradition of electing the ruler was reaffirmed later that century with the election of Wamba to the throne and the subsequent pressure that the nobility exerted to force Wamba to accept power.[3] Numerous kings worked to ensure that their sons would be able to take over the throne; Leovigild associated his two sons with himself in 573, Chindasuinth passed the throne to his son Reccesuinth in 647, and Egica made his son Witiza heir and joint king in 698, allowing Witiza to become ruler in his own right after Egica's death.[4] Rulers who tried to make the monarchy hereditary met opposition from nobles: nobles opposed Leovigild's efforts, Swintilla was overthrown by Sisenand and Dagobert, the families of Chindaswinth and Wamba competed for power at the turn of the eighth century, and Roderick, the candidate of the house of Chindaswinth, came to power after being elected by the nobility in 710.[5] This conflict between those who wanted a hereditary monarchy and those who wanted an elected monarchy weakened the monarchy and kept the monarchy under constant attack. This created the potential for perpetual squabbling between those who believed they had an inherited right to rule and those who wanted to install a "more qualified" candidate through an election, contributing to a pattern of challenges to the ruler: heirs were challenged by nobles

campaigning for election to the throne while elected rulers risked challenges from heirs who wanted to exercise their assumed right to rule as king.

In addition to threats to their power from nobles and from the debate concerning hereditary succession, Visigothic kings also faced constant rebellion within Iberia. Visigothic nobles commanded large estates, were "rich, powerful, luxurious, and unprincipled," and had retinues large enough that they had the capability to "defy and coerce the king, sometimes even to dispossess him and to put him to death."[6] Kings were often overthrown by nobles, as was the case in the seventh century when Sisenad overthrew Suinthila, but Sisenand in turn met "fierce" opposition from his predecessor's supporters, and his reign was marked by civil war and the reign of a rival king in southern Iberia.[7] Nobles also clamored for power after Witiza's death in 710.[8] Kings faced opposition from nobles in their own families as well as from those outside of their families, as shown by the experience of Leovigild. In the early 580s, his son Hermenegild married a Frankish princess, converted to Catholicism, and challenged the Arian king's rule, resulting in a civil war and the imprisonment and eventual execution of Hermenegild.[9] Leovigild was also challenged in Galicia by Malaric's seizure of power in 585, but he was able to quickly suppress this rebellion.[10] Tension between the king and the clergy presented problems for the king, as Bishop Sisebert of Toledo rebelled against Egica in the early 690s, but this rebellion was also quickly suppressed, the rebels' property was confiscated, and measures were taken to ensure that rebels would not rise to hold public offices.[11]

The non-Visigothic peoples residing in Iberia also caused revolts; in the late sixth century, King Reccared's policies did not seek to persecute the kingdom's Jewish population, but he had to confront rebellions from those who wanted strict regulations against the Jews, especially in Narbonne, where Jews supported the king against this faction.[12] Reccesuinth also faced rebellions when he came to the throne in 653 and had "strained relations" with the clergy as well as with Romans and Jews in the kingdom.[13] A Basque revolt in Septimania in 673 presented a major problem for King Wamba, as

the noble Paul, sent to put down the rebellion, decided to challenge Wamba, proclaimed himself king of Narbonne, and earned himself the support of the Jews. Wamba was able to put down both the Basque rebellion and the rebellion led by Paul,[14] but this situation illustrated the cooperation of subject peoples and nobles in opposing the Visigoth king and the degree to which noble rebellion was a threat, especially when other rebellions gave nobles the opportunity to start their own rebellions against the king. Rebellion took a toll on the land controlled by the Goths, as Leovigild successfully "restored" the land controlled by the Visigoths "to its former boundaries" after rebellions shrank Visigothic territory, and in his "Chronicle," John of Biclaro described the destruction caused by Hermenegild's revolt as greater "than any attack by external enemies."[15] These conflicts demonstrate the weakness of the monarchy in that opposition forces were consistently able to challenge the king and force the king to respond to rebellions while illustrating the less than secure hold the king had on his power. In turn, these conflicts distracted the king and prevented him from developing a strong, stable monarchy.

The instability of the Visigothic king's power was also demonstrated in an even more dangerous way by the constant threat of and occurrence of conspiracies against the king. The Visigothic conquest of Iberia was marked by "considerable violence," and the principle of blood revenge became more important as the power of the Visigoths increased.[16] Several kings, including Sisenand in 631 and Chindasuinth in 642, came to power as a result of revolts, and competition among both "usurpers and legitimate princes" for power was a significant cause of disorder.[17] Reccared's reign in the late sixth century was marked by "domestic conspiracies," most notably the plot of Argimund to take power away from Reccared and execute him; this plot was foiled, Argimund was subjected to public humiliation, and his accomplices were tried and executed.[18] One of the most significant conspiracies occurred in 680 when King Wamba, a ruler who had been elected against his will and forced to accept the throne, fell ill after allegedly being drugged by a rival named Erwig (known in this source as Euric) and tricked into naming Erwig as his heir before being tonsured in anticipation of death. Wamba recov-

ered but was forced to abdicate in favor of Erwig, whose accession to power was confirmed by the Twelfth Council of Toledo in January of the following year; the Council also removed the people from their obligations to Wamba.[19]

Even though he was forced into and out of power, Wamba was quite lucky, as not all Visigothic kings lived to see retirement. Assassinations were common; seven kings were deposed in the centuries between the conversion to Christianity and the Muslim conquest, and several of them were killed, including Liuva and Witteric.[20] Kings outside of this group who were also assassinated included Athulf, his successor Sigeric, Thorismund, Theodoric, Theudis (although Isidore of Seville believed that Theudis deserved his fate), and Theudigisel.[21] The Fourth Council of Toledo, held in 633, decreed that regicide was "an act of sacrilege" and prescribed strict spiritual punishments for those who murdered the king;[22] this appears to have deterred ambitious nobles from killing the king, but it did not end the instability and controversy surrounding the Visigothic kings. The fact that so many kings succumbed to conspiracy and assassination demonstrates that the Visigothic monarchs' grasp of power was anything but firm, and the frequent change in leadership and the constant competition among individuals for the throne shows how unstable the Visigothic government truly was.

Opposition to an individual king's policies was often the cause of the rapid changes in leadership that characterized Visigothic rule, so it follows that policies often changed after a new king took the throne. These frequent policy changes, however, also contributed to instability in the kingdom and in the king's power. Religion was the source of many policy changes throughout the Visigothic era. The Visigoths followed Arian Christianity during the first years of their rule, but Reccared converted to Catholic Christianity after realizing that Arianism would not bring unity to the kingdom; as king, he undid many of his father Leovigild's punishments of Catholics.[23] Jewish policy also changed from ruler to ruler, as some rulers, such as Sisenand, promoted policies that were unfavorable to Jews, while other rulers loosened restrictions on Jews and allowed them more freedoms; in Sisenand's case, policy changes inspired sup-

porters of his predecessor's favorable Jewish policies to revolt against Sisenand.[24] Inconsistency was also apparent when Suinthila came to power in 621 and did not enforce restrictions against Jews that were decreed during Sisebut's reign, while many bishops and abbots did not enforce anti-Jewish laws which were not supported by the population.[25]

The contrast between Gothic and Roman society in Iberia also led to policy changes, as some rulers promoted Gothic traditions only "to be succeeded by some romanising son" who made changes that favored the elites of society.[26] Rulers also amended the policies of their predecessors, as Witiza undid many of the measures that the author of "The Chronicle of 754" felt were oppressive by bringing back exiles and returning land to those who had lost lands to Egica.[27] Wamba made important changes during his reign and provided for poor relief, the restoration of property, the return of exiles, and the extension of amnesty for political prisoners, but these changes did not hold after Erwig deposed him. Erwig undid Wamba's military policies, restored titles of nobility and rights to testify to those who lost them during Wamba's reign, and anathematized his enemies in an effort to maintain his power by undoing Wamba's work and by protecting the government from enemies.[28] As a result of these constant policy changes, people did not have a clear set of laws to follow nor did they know which laws would be enforced by which rulers, and they could not predict the direction that policy would go and how that would affect their lives. Some of the government's policies also put it at odds with the population, and the lack of cooperation among various kings as well as with powerful Church leaders demonstrated the inability of the Visigothic government to enforce its own laws and contributed to the instability of Visigothic rule by failing to promote the establishment of one culture, government philosophy, or government system for the kingdom. Nothing could be established or developed because of the frequent changes in leadership and subsequent changes leaders made to previous kings' policies, which in turn changed the character of the government and of the society.

The excessive influence of outside parties on the monarch prevented the Visigothic kings from establishing their own rule, and the institution most responsible for such domination was the Church. The connection between the Visigothic kings and the Catholic Church began as early as 531 when Theudis became king and granted freedom of action to the Catholic Church; this connection deepened when Reccared came to power, realized that an alliance with the Church was necessary to preserve the monarchy, and converted to Catholic Christianity in 587,[29] an event which shows the influence the Church already had in Iberia. The Visigothic king was responsible for appointing church officials, often selecting them from among the upper class, and the king frequently involved himself in Church administration.[30] The clergy controlled education and became an intermediary between the king and the people, which hurt both the monarch and the Church in that the Church lost autonomy,[31] while the monarch could not exercise direct rule over the people. The Bishop of Rome was consulted on decisions and sent vicars to Iberia; metropolitans were established in many Iberian cities, and the bishops acquired great political influence.[32] The Church also concerned itself with the kings' Jewish policies, as it opposed the policies that Sisebut developed in consultation with the nobility instead of the Church while forcing kings to promise when they came to power that they would prevent Jews from "violating" Catholicism at the risk of anathematization and condemnation, even though many clerics and bishops opposed the monarchs' persecution of Jews.[33]

The Church Councils of Toledo considered both political and religious questions and made numerous reforms to unify worship and create a strict code for clerical life, which resulted in a high moral standard in the Church and a strong influence over government.[34] This influence, however, was so great that the monarch was subject to the will of the Church and had difficulty ruling outside of the influence of the Church. The Third Council of Toledo gave bishops the right of jurisdiction over judicial punishments, the Fourth Council of Toledo condemned regicide, and the Thirteenth Council of Toledo protected Erwig and his family in order to pro-

tect his claim to the Visigothic throne.[35] Chintila also sought Church protection for himself and his family when he came to power in 636, and Thomas Hodgkin commented that Church leaders allowed the king to exercise his power as long as he acted according to the Church's wishes and that real power remained in the hands of the Church.[36] The Church protected the king from the attacks of the nobility by condemning those who tried to overthrow the king, especially after Erwig came to the throne, which showed the prominent role the Church played in the government, the control the Church had over the king, and the degree to which the Church and the monarchy were connected, as any attack on the king was an attack on the Church.[37]

The Church's control over who became the king is most apparent in the conflict between Wamba and Erwig. Wamba alienated the clergy during his reign, faced criticism after he interfered in the creation of dioceses and in consecrating bishops "without proper ecclesiastical authorization" and issued legislation that ended the practice of bishops taking offerings from the churches of the diocese, driving a wedge between the king and the Church and increasing the potential for resistance and the further weakening of the monarchy as the bishops' power increased.[38] Julian, the archbishop of Toledo from 680-690, opposed Wamba's pro-Jewish policies and may have been involved in Wamba's fall from power, while the Twelfth Council of Toledo confirmed the ascension of Erwig to the throne and transferred all royal power to him.[39] These events demonstrated the Church's involvement in installing and removing kings and the dangers monarchs faced by not adhering to Church policies or advancing Church interests. Bernard Bachrach claimed that the monarch controlled the Church because the monarch had both temporal and spiritual authority, control over appointments, and other responsibilities,[40] but the Church seems to have exercised enough influence over policy and control over who became king to counter the king's legitimate ecclesiastical powers and to create a situation in which the monarchs were subject to the authority of the Church and unable to pursue interests independent of the Church. The Visigothic nobility also exercised influence over the monarch

and helped to weaken the monarch's ability to rule effectively. The conflict between the king and the nobility was the cause of "internal turbulence," as nobles did not want their power to decrease in favor of the king's authority.[41] There is some debate as to whether the Visigothic king was an absolute ruler; he controlled appointments to the councils that aided him in his rule and saw his power increase as succession became hereditary (despite the nobles' continuing efforts to preserve an elective monarchy), but the palace bureaucracy acted as a check on his power.[42] The large landowners provided "broad social support" to defend the king's rule, but their wealth and military strength was so great that they could defy, coerce, depose, and execute monarchs.[43] The nobility also exercised great control in determining who became king; two examples are Wamba, who was forced to take the throne by the nobles despite the fact that he did not want to rule, and Roderick, who came to power after being elected by a large number of nobles.[44] The great wealth and political power of the Visigothic nobility allowed aristocrats opportunities to change the Visigothic government and its policies while putting the king in a position where he could lose his authority and his ability to rule if he did not pursue the interests of the nobility.

Despite its own weaknesses, the Roman Empire continued to influence government in Iberia during the early years of Visigothic rule. An agreement in 376 between Rome and the Visigoths brought the Visigoths to power; this agreement stipulated that Rome was to grant land and possible tax exemptions to the Visigoths in return for obedience and military assistance in defending the Empire against the Huns and other "sea-borne raiders." This resulted in the settlement of the Visigoths in areas where they could be used against Rome's enemies, creating a situation in which Visigothic interests became synonymous with Roman interests, despite the risk to Rome in the event of a Visigothic alliance with "rebellious Roman peasants and soldiers" and demonstrating the extent to which the Romans manipulated the Visigoths and their policies.[45] The Visigoths entered Spain and "rescued the bleeding province" from the attacks of the Vandals, Alans, and Suevi, were viewed as deliverers by the Spanish, and, under Atawulf, made another agreement with Rome establish-

ing the Visigoths as a "dependent ally" of the Empire.[46] The Visigoths were economically dependent on the Roman Empire and could not survive without Roman imports, a fact that Rome exploited during times of conflict during the early fifth century.[47] Isidore of Seville notes that the Visigoths rejected two treaties with the Romans, the first in 382 and the second in 419, because subjectivity to Rome was "demeaning" after the Visigoths had secured military victory; these events broke the Visigoths' ties with the Empire, but Roman forms of organization and taxation persisted, as did conflict between the Visigoths and Romans into the reign of Leovigild and divisions between the two cultures in law and in society.[48] The role of Rome in settling the Visigoths in Spain and the perseverance of Roman culture and government in Iberia marked the continuing influence of Rome in the government and society of the Visigoths; this influence prevented the Visigoths from instituting an administration and a culture of their own in Iberia and forced them to negotiate among varying institutions and traditions already in existence, and is thus another reason why the Visigoths could not create a strong, unified, uniquely Visigothic government and culture.

The Jewish population in Iberia was a third source of influence on the Visigothic kings and their government. Jewish aristocrats held governmental power before and into the Visigothic era and were extremely wealthy; they owned large numbers of slaves and landed estates and were heavily involved in trade, government, and the military. In fact, Sisenand sought to weaken the economic strength of the Jewish community during his reign in the 630s.[49] There was also an important relationship between the Jews, the kings, and the policies of various kings toward Jews; nobles who sought to come to power could attempt to get Jewish support, which could lead to favorable policies toward the Jews, which was the case when Chindasuinth sought to overthrow Chintila in the mid-seventh century and when the Jews supported Paul's rebellion against Wamba because they expected Wamba to continue the anti-Jewish policies of his predecessors.[50] Unfavorable Jewish polices could result when Jews opposed the aims of certain individuals to gain power, such as the case with Sisebut and his "severe anti-Jewish legislation" early in

the seventh century.[51] The Jews were in a position to have a great deal of influence in the Visigothic government because they wielded significant political and economic power, and their somewhat questionable and inconsistent loyalty to the Visigothic monarchs not only made them a point of concern in administration but also made them a risk to the government as the Muslims prepared to invade Iberia at the end of the seventh century. Therefore, the presence and influence of Jews in Visigothic society presented problems for monarchs in creating stable and efficient government in Iberia.

Conflict with outside powers presented a major problem for the Visigothic monarchs. The Goths were expelled from their lands by the Huns and were later forced to contend with Justinian's efforts to reclaim lost parts of the Roman Empire.[52] Conflict with the emerging Frankish empire was endemic and partly fueled by religion, as the Visigoths were initially Arian and the Franks were Catholic.[53] Clovis invaded Gaul in 483 and had captured Visigoth holdings in France by 508, Theudis's armies defeated the Franks in 531, Reccared "drove back the army of the Franks" in the province of Gallia Narbonensis in 585 and conflict continued throughout the 580s, and the Franks aided in the overthrow of Suinthila in 631.[54] These recurring conflicts demonstrated the extent to which outside powers, in these cases, the Franks, were able to meddle in Visigothic affairs as well as emphasized the need for the Visigothic government to focus on these threats and prevent outside conquest instead of strengthening its own rule within Iberia and promoting internal growth and development.

Even more serious for the Visigothic kings was the threat of Muslim invasion from Africa into Iberia; the presence of a weak central government led to the increased importance of the regional governments and combined with the existing political and religious cleavages, leaving the kingdom divided and unable to fight the advances of Muslim leaders who took advantage of such weaknesses.[55] Early in his reign, Wamba was able to defeat the Muslims at sea, but the Muslims returned and invaded Iberia in 709 with the help of disaffected Jews, who were accused by the Seventeenth Council of Toledo of "conspiring with enemies over sea in order to destroy

the Christian faith."[56] Thomas Hodgkin wrote that the success of the Muslims was because of Jewish aid, which was a reaction on the part of the Jews to three generations of persecution by the Visigothic monarchs; R. Dyke Shaw wrote that the Jews helped Tarik enter Toledo and that the status of Jews, as well as serfs, slaves, and the poor, improved after the Muslims conquered the Visigothic kingdom.[57] The relationship between Jews and Muslims in the Muslim conquest of Iberia revealed the consequences of the Visigothic alienation of the kingdom's Jewish population and of the government's inability to unite its people to protect the kingdom. The fact that a segment of the population was willing to aid outside powers in conquering the Visigothic kingdom shows the weakness of the Visigothic government and its inability to create a unified society under its power, and the fact that the Muslims were able to conquer Iberia relatively quickly demonstrates the monarchy's inability to defend itself and its land and shows that the monarchy was unable to respond effectively to serious threats and maintain its power in Iberia.

The inability of the Visigothic kings to establish a stable government and effectively exercise and maintain power was the result of extreme political differences and the existence of powerful forces acting upon the monarchy from the outside. The enormous political challenges the Visigoths faced were exacerbated by the extreme social diversity of Iberia, as many different religious and ethnic groups resided within the Visigothic kingdom; the presence of these groups created social instability that the Visigothic government was never able to respond to or accommodate effectively. These underlying social divisions made things all the more difficult for the Visigoths; it is challenging for stable governments to accommodate great ethnic and religious diversity, but it is far more difficult for unstable governments to negotiate these differences and maintain order within a kingdom. This is true especially in an era such as the early Middle Ages in which various peoples were migrating and expanding and disputes were settled through coups and on battlefields instead of in intellectual debate and in assemblies of important political figures. Some degree of social cohesion is necessary for any government to

be able to function, and the Visigoths were never able to reconcile divisions and establish a unified political or social structure.

Despite the obvious differences between the early Middle Ages and the contemporary world, the example of the Visigoths teaches modern governments numerous lessons in the importance of having a clear way to determine and transfer power from one ruler to another, clear and consistent policies, and the ability to prevent outside powers from interfering in government. The experience of the Visigoths demonstrates the consequences that the absence of these factors has on the ability of a government to exercise power in its own territory and to fight the advances of expansionist neighbors. In the Visigothic era, we see how easy it is for differences and disputes to disrupt government and for other governments or even segments of society to manipulate governments to accomplish their own ends; the problems the Visigoths encountered and the difficulties they had in responding to such problems are important to keep in mind in our own world as we face many of the same conflicts the Visigoths faced. All governments should keep these conflicts and problems in mind as they develop political structures and social polices so that they can create fair and stable governments that will serve to protect their people from outside threats and internal abuses, giving individuals the greatest opportunity to live in a relatively peaceful and prosperous society.

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THESIS ART

ALLISON SUTTON

Guadalupe, Mother of Mexican Feminism

LAURA MORETT

THE VIRGIN OF GUADALUPE has held a revered place among Mexican deities since she first appeared to the Native American Juan Diego on December 12, 1531. She is generally considered to be the greatest among the Mexican divinities, yet she is the only goddess among the pantheon of Mexican gods. The nature of Guadalupe's femininity has provoked much debate among scholars and Mexican women alike. Is she a symbol of the patriarchal status quo, an archetype of the traditional feminine values of obedience and chastity? Or does she represent feminine activism, protecting the downtrodden and oppressed women of Mexico? Many argue that the Virgin of Guadalupe once stood for established values but that she has been reclaimed in recent years and has assumed the role of a guardian for suppressed Mexican and Mexican-American women. In any case, the Virgin of Guadalupe plays a very important role in the lives of her devotees. It is believed that the symbolic nature of the Virgin of Guadalupe's femininity is firmly rooted in the goddesses of the Aztec tradition. Her mythic heritage has transformed her in the eyes of many from an example

of a typical obedient, submissive woman into a champion of feminist values, and she has gained an unrivaled following among Mexican women, acting as a divine role model of justice and equality.

The Virgin of Guadalupe is the descendant of a line of feminine Mexican divinities steeped in mythic dimensions which represent different feminine aspects of the Virgin. Prior to the Spanish Conquest in 1521, the Aztecs, who were the dominant indigenous population in Mexico, were polytheistic, worshipping a host of gods and goddesses. Gloria Anzaldúa, a Mexican-American writer, points out that the earliest major Aztec goddess was Coatlicue, whose name bears the meaning "Serpent Skirt."[1] According to Aztec legend, Coatlicue is the creator goddess, who crafted the heavens and the Earth and gave birth to 401 sons and one daughter, who later became the sun, the moon, and the stars of the night sky. Taking into account her role as the goddess of creation, it is obvious that Coatlicue held an especially revered position among the pantheon of Aztec deities. Anzaldúa relates that another important indigenous goddess is Tonantzi, who was worshipped by the Totonac people that were one of several indigenous tribes that were conquered and ruled by the Aztecs[2]. According to Anzaldúa, the Totonacs were repulsed by the grisly human sacrifices that the Aztecs regularly made to the male god Huitzilopochtli, so they turned their reverence to the goddess Tonantzi, who preferred the sacrifice of birds and small animals to the blood of humans.[3] This lack of bloodthirstiness and violence that appealed to the Totonacs was associated with female deities such as Tonantzi and later the Virgin of Guadalupe. Most importantly, Tonantzi is the link that connects the Virgin of Guadalupe to the line of the feminine divinities of the Mexican indigenous groups. The apparition of the Virgin appeared in the exact location where the temple to the goddess Tonantzi once stood before the Spaniards destroyed it. Thus, the Virgin of Guadalupe, a figure commonly associated with Catholicism, is actually an example of religious syncretism, a compilation of indigenous and Catholic Christian aspects.

In the course of this examination of the Virgin of Guadalupe and her role in the lives of Mexican women, it is important to ask, "Why did the Mexicans choose to idealize *this* Virgin?" After all,

the Virgin Mary has numerous apparitions to her credit, so why do Mexican women attach such a profound importance to the Virgin of Guadalupe? The answer to this question is based on the fact that Guadalupe is a distinctively Mexican figure, an aspect that is apparent in her physical appearance and the location of her apparition. It is clear that the Virgin of Guadalupe has the physical characteristics of a *mestiza*, a woman of Hispanic and indigenous descent; her brown skin and black hair are similar to that of most Mexican women. Many other manifestations of the Virgin Mary, which appeared in various locations throughout Europe, possessed European features and were pale-skinned and rosy-cheeked. The location of the Virgin of Guadalupe's appearance demonstrates that she is a uniquely Mexican apparition; she appeared in Tepayac, Mexico in the form of a Mexican woman, showing that she cared about the Mexican people. These observations make it clear that one of the reasons why Mexicans consider the Virgin of Guadalupe to be their spiritual mother is because she is a woman of their own kind who can relate to the concerns of her people.

Throughout much of Mexican history, the Virgin of Guadalupe was viewed by Mexican women as a symbol of the patriarchal society established by the Aztecs and later promoted by the Spaniards, who held her up to the native Mexicans as an example of ideal womanhood and the qualities that accompany it. She was an apparition of the Virgin Mary, a woman who submitted to God's will meekly and obediently, saying "Let it be done unto me according to your word,"[4] a model of the traditionally feminine virtues of purity, chastity, meekness, and unquestioning obedience, and her principal role was maternal as she was the mother of the Christian God's only son, Jesus Christ. For these reasons, many Mexican women have traditionally viewed her as did Sandra Cisneros, a Mexican-American writer and feminine activist; to them, she was seen as "an ideal so lofty and unrealistic, it was laughable."[5] Cisneros reinforces the perception that Mexican society had established a double standard for women and men; all Mexican women were expected to emulate the virtues of the Virgin of Guadalupe while men were allowed to act violently toward their wives without fear of repercussions and often

had sexual intercourse with multiple women in the course of their courtship and marriage. For many Mexican women, the Virgin of Guadalupe was an icon of the suffering that they had endured at the hands of an antipathetic, patriarchal society.

Recently, however, the Virgin of Guadalupe has assumed a new role as a model of feminist activism for her female Mexican devotees. When the links between the Virgin of Guadalupe and the indigenous mythology that preceded her appearance are considered, a better understanding of the drastic change in the ideology that surrounds her can be gained. Anzaldúa explains that the Indian goddess Tonantzi "became the good mother [of the Mexican people]" by showing a maternal concern through her provision of sustenance in the form of milk and pulque from the cactus plant[6]. This is similar to the maternal benevolence that the Virgin of Guadalupe showed to Juan Diego, the indigenous Mexican man to whom she appeared, and by extension, to all of the natives of Mexico. In her apparition, the Virgin provided Juan Diego with winter roses to give to the Spanish bishop as indisputable proof of her existence; these same roses were also symbolic of her benevolence and genuine concern for the Mexican indigenous people. The Virgin of Guadalupe's miracle on behalf of Juan Diego can be interpreted as an assertion that she is quite willing to do whatever it takes to protect and assist her devotees. Thus, the Virgin's maternal role can be viewed in two different ways: as a manifestation of the oppressed Mexican woman, trapped by the confines of marriage and motherhood, or as a representation of her motherly concern for and protection of her children, the Mexican people.

Today, many Mexican women feel empowered by the Virgin of Guadalupe, instead of seeing her as a symbol of feminine repression as the Spaniards did. Jeannette Rodriguez, a theological scholar, reports that a number of the Mexican women who participated in a study that she conducted feel that the Virgin of Guadalupe is sympathetic to their concerns since she is female. These women say that instead of encouraging them to stalwartly endure the oppression of their husbands and other men, the Virgin gives them the will to continue *la lucha*, the good fight for women's rights and equality.[7] It is

believed that this attitude of empowerment by the Virgin stems from her appearances to Juan Diego. The Virgin appeared to Juan Diego four times, encouraging him to persist in his attempt to persuade the Spanish bishop that she existed, empowering a poor, insignificant indigenous man by giving him the faith and the fortitude to overcome the unbelief of a bishop, one of the most powerful members of the Spanish Catholic hierarchy in Mexico. Similarly, Mexican feminists view the Virgin as a guide and companion in the ongoing struggle for women's rights in a society that remains predominantly patriarchal. They believe that, like Juan Diego, she lends them the strength to overcome the oppressive in the society in which they live, improving the quality of the lives of their companions through actions inspired by their divine mother.

The role of the Virgin of Guadalupe in the lives of her female Mexican devotees today is debatable. Some Mexican women continue to view her in the traditional manner as an icon of the suffering and oppression that women have silently endured throughout Mexican history and that continues to be common in contemporary Mexican society, whereas others adhere to the more active, feminist perspective of the Virgin, looking to her for guidance and sustenance in their ongoing struggle for social justice. The only observation about the Virgin of Guadalupe that all can agree upon is that she continues to possess an unequaled status as the spiritual mother and divine queen of the Mexican women.

End Notes

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Guadalupe, madre del feminismo mexicano

LAURA MORETT

LA VIRGEN DE GUADALUPE ha ocupado una posición de reverencia en la fe mexicana desde que ella apareció por primera vez al indio Juan Diego el 12 de Diciembre de 1531. Es claro que ella ocupa un lugar especial en el panteón de las divinidades mexicanas. Pero, en realidad, ella no es una diosa sino una figura santa, la santa más alta de México. El estado de la feminidad de Guadalupe ha motivado mucha discusión entre los eruditos y las mujeres mexicanas. ¿Es verdad que ella es un símbolo del estatus quo patriarcal, un arquetipo de los valores que tradicionalmente se consideran femeninos: la obediencia y la castidad? ¿O es verdad que ella representa el activismo femeninista y que protege a las mujeres pobres y oprimidas de México? Muchos dicen que la Virgen de Guadalupe representaba los valores establecidos en el pasado pero que entre algunos mexicanos hoy en día, ella ha sido reclamada en los años recientes, asumiendo el papel de defensora de las mujeres suprimidas de México y de las mujeres mexicanoamericanas en los Estados Unidos. De todos modos, la Virgen de Guadalupe tiene un papel muy importante en las vidas de sus admiradores. Se cree que

el simbolismo de la femeninidad de la Virgen de Guadalupe se basa fuertemente en las diosas de la tradición azteca. Su patrimonio mítico la ha transformada en los ojos de muchas personas de un ejemplo de la mujer tradicional, quien tiene los rasgos de obediencia y sumisión, en una campeona de los valores femeninistas. Ella ha ganado muchos seguidores y no tiene par entre las mujeres mexicanas. Sobre todo, ella sirve como modelo divino de la justicia y de la igualdad para sus admiradores.

La Virgen de Guadalupe es la descendiente de una familia de diosas mexicanas, las cuales tienen una gran riqueza dentro de la dimensión mítica. Estas matriarcas representan los aspectos femeninos de la Virgen de Guadalupe. Antes de la conquista española en el año 1521, los aztecas, quienes eran la dominante población indígena de México, eran politeístas—es decir, adoraban a muchos dioses y diosas. Gloria Anzaldúa, una escritora mexicana-americana, dice que la principal diosa azteca era Coatlicue, quien tiene un nombre que significa "falda de serpientes."[1] Según la leyenda azteca, Coatlicue es la diosa creadora, quien hizo el cielo y la tierra y dio a luz a 401 hijos y una hija, quienes más tarde se transformaron en el sol, la luna y las estrellas del cielo. Tomando en cuenta su papel como diosa creadora, es obvio que Coatlicue tenía una posición especialmente venerada entre el panteón de las divinidades aztecas. Anzaldúa explica que otra diosa indígena con una gran importancia es Tonantzi, quien era venerada por los totonacos que era una de viarias tribus que fueron conquistados y reglados por los aztecas.[2] Según Anzaldúa, los totonacos consideraban repugnantes los sacrificios humanos que los aztecas ofrecían continuamente al dios masculino Huitzilopochtli; entonces, los totonacas le brindaban su reverencia a la diosa de Tonantzi, la cual prefería los sacrificios de pájaros y animales pequeños a la sangre de humanos[3]. Esta ausencia de la sangre y la violencia que los totonacos le gustaban fue asociada con diosas femeninas como Tonantzi y más tarde la Virgen de Guadalupe. El hecho más importante es que Tonantzi representa la conexión entre la Virgen de Guadalupe y la familia de las divinidades femeninas de los grupos mexicanos indígenas. La aparición de la Virgen ocurrió en el mismo sitio donde el templo de la diosa Tonantzi estaba antes que los españoles lo destruy-

eran. Entonces, la Virgen de Guadalupe, una figura que se asocia con la Iglesia Católica, es en realidad un ejemplo del sincretismo religioso, una combinación de aspectos del catolicismo y de aspectos de la religión indígena también.

En este estudio de la Virgen de Guadalupe y su rol en las vidas de las mujeres mexicanas es importante que nosotros nos preguntemos, «¿Por qué eligieron los mexicanos idealizar a *esta* Virgen?» Después de todo, hay muchas apariencias atribuidas a la Virgen María, ¿cómo se explica entonces la importancia profunda que la Virgen tiene sobre las mujeres mexicanas? La respuesta a esta pregunta se basa en el hecho de que la Guadalupe es una figura que tiene una identidad que es característicamente mexicana, un aspecto que es claro en su apariencia física y también el sitio de su aparición. Es evidente que la Virgen de Guadalupe tiene las características de una mestiza, una mujer de ascendencia hispánica e indígena; su piel morena y pelo negro son parecidos a los de la mayoría de las mujeres mexicanas. Muchas otras manifestaciones de la Virgen María que han aparecido en varios sitios de Europa poseían características europeas y tenían la piel pálida y las mejillas rosadas. El sitio de la aparición de la Virgen de Guadalupe demuestra que ella es una figura completamente mexicana; ella apareció en Tepeyac, México, en la forma de una mujer mexicana, mostrando que ella se preocupaba por los problemas de la gente mexicana. Estas observaciones clarifican que una de las razones porque los mexicanos consideran la Virgen de Guadalupe su madre espiritual es porque ella es una mujer de su propia identidad quien puede entender los problemas de su pueblo.

A través de la historia mexicana, la Virgen de Guadalupe era vista por las mujeres mexicanas como un símbolo de la sociedad patriarcal establecida por los aztecas, y más tarde continuada por los españoles, quienes la elevaban como ejemplo de la condición ideal de la mujer y de las características que acompañan ésta. Ella era una aparición de la Virgen María, quien decía siempre «Qué sea Su voluntad, no la mía»,[4] un modelo de las virtudes tradicionalmente femeninas de la pureza, la castidad, la sumisión y la obediencia y su papel principal era maternal como ella era la madre del único hijo del Dios cristiano, Jesucristo. Por estas razones, muchas de las mujeres mexicanas la veían

como la veía Sandra Cisneros, una escritora mexicana-americana y una activista feminista; a ellas, la Virgen se veía como «Una ideal tan alta y poco realista que parecía ridículo».[5] Cisneros reafirma la percepción de que la sociedad mexicana estableció un estándar doble para los hombres y las mujeres; se esperaba que todas las mujeres mexicanas copiaran las virtudes de la Virgen de Guadalupe mientras los hombres podían practicar la violencia con sus esposas sin el miedo de las repercusiones ni el castigo y muchas veces tenían relaciones sexuales con mujeres múltiples en su noviazgo y casamiento. Para muchas de las mujeres mexicanas, la Virgen de Guadalupe era un icono de la pena que ellas han sufrido a través de una antipática sociedad patriarcal.

Recientemente, sin embargo, la Virgen de Guadalupe ha aceptado un nuevo papel como modelo del activismo femeninista para sus admiradores femeninas mexicanas. Si se considera la conexión entre la Virgen de Guadalupe y la mitología precolombina, se puede ganar una mayor comprensión del cambio radical que la rodea. Anzaldúa dice que la diosa indígena Tonantzi «era la madre buena [de los mexicanos]» por expresar una preocupación materna por su provisión de la leche y el pulque del cacto.[6] Esto es semejante a la benevolencia que la Virgen de Guadalupe le mostró a Juan Diego, el hombre indígena mexicano al que ella apareció, y por extensión, a todos los mexicanos nativos. La Virgen le dio las rosas del invierno a Juan Diego para que pudiera darles al obispo como evidencia indisputable de su aparición; estas rosas mismas eran también simbólicas de su benevolencia y su preocupación verdadera para la gente indígena mexicana. Se puede interpretar el milagro de la Virgen de Guadalupe para Juan Diego como una promesa que ella hará lo necesario para proteger y ayudar a sus admiradores. Entonces, se puede ver el rol materna de la Virgen de dos maneras: como manifestación de la mujer mexicana oprimida, atrapada por las limitaciones del matrimonio y de la maternidad, o como representación de la preocupación materna y la protección de sus hijos, los mexicanos.

Hoy, muchas mujeres mexicanas se creen las recipientes del poder que viene de la Virgen de Guadalupe en vez de verla como símbolo de la represión femenina como los españoles. Jeannette Rodríguez,

una teóloga erudita, nos informa que muchas de las mujeres mexicanas quienes participaron en un estudio suyo se sienten que la Virgen de Guadalupe es una fuente de simpatía para sus preocupaciones porque ella es una mujer. Estas mujeres dicen que en lugar de insistir que ellas sufran estoicamente la opresión de sus esposos y de otros hombres, la Virgen les da el poder de continuar «la lucha», la lucha buena para los derechos y la igualdad de las mujeres.[7] Se cree que esta actitud de poder que las mujeres reciben de la Virgen viene de sus apariciones a Juan Diego. La Virgen apareció a Juan Diego cuatro veces, animándole a persistir en sus esfuerzos de convencerle al obispo español que su aparición tenía valor y brindándole poder a este indio pobre y humilde por ofreciéndole la fe y la fortaleza para superar la incredulidad del obispo, uno de los miembros más poderoso de la jerarquía católica en México. De una manera semejante, las feministas mexicanas ven a la Virgen como una guía y compañera divina en su lucha sin fin para los derechos de las mujeres en una sociedad patriarcal. Ellas creen que, como Juan Diego, ella les brinda el poder para superar lo opresivo en la sociedad en la cual ellas viven, mejorando la calidad de las vidas de sus compañeras a través de acciones inspiradas por su madre divina.

El papel de la Virgen de Guadalupe en las vidas de sus admiradoras femeninas hoy es variado. Algunas de las mujeres mexicanas continúan viéndola de la manera tradicional, como un icono del sufrimiento y de la opresión que las mujeres han perdurado en silencio a lo largo de la historia de México y que continúa en la sociedad de México hoy en día mientras otras tienen una perspectiva más activa y feminista de la Virgen acercándose a ella para sus consejos y para el poder en su lucha para la justicia social. La única observación sobre la Virgen de Guadalupe que todos pueden aceptar es que ella sigue siendo sin igual como la madre espiritual y la reina de las mujeres mexicanas.

Notas

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EXPLORING THE ENVIRONMENT

Going Green:
Mother Nature's Buildings

HAILEY REISSMAN

RECENTLY, HUMANS HAVE BEGUN TO REALIZE that our society needs to be conscious of our global home and need to tailor our many man-made structures to help mitigate stresses on Earth's environment. This has increased the popularity of "green building," a process that tries to help humans and the environment by changing the way we design, build, and maintain our homes, schools, and workplaces. Green builders design buildings to conserve materials, energy, and resources. They also work to improve the physical and social health of inhabitants by means of safe products and innovative design. Finally, green builders construct buildings that do not contribute significant amounts of pollution. Through these seemingly small changes in the way structures are built, stresses on humans and the environment are significantly relieved.

In order to create structures that are environmentally friendly, builders look at all aspects of structural design (EPA 2006). Everything from the surrounding landscape, to the amount of water used to flush toilets, to the type of glue used to secure carpet, is considered (Adler

2006). Builders try to utilize products and technologies that do not cause, or minimize, harm toward the environment or human beings (Underwood 2006). Details such as this can significantly change the "health" of the building. Green builders do not only use green products, but they also use green strategies to try to improve building procedures. Green builders reduce waste by using as few resources as possible, and by designing structures that make use of recycled over brand new products (Tibbetts 1996). In essence, green builders work to reduce humanity's footprint on the environment by creating structures that, according to the US Environmental Protection Agency [EPA], are "healthier and more resource-efficient" (EPA 2006).

William McDonough, an architect celebrated for his innovative industrial designs, is convinced humankind needs to reevaluate how they perceive and create buildings, not only to save the earth, but to save us as well (Underwood 2006). McDonough argues that "ecological" building will reduce stresses on the human body (Underwood 2006). He calls modern industry "anti-life," an institution that uses materials loaded with toxic chemicals, creates buildings that destroy nature, and produces air unhealthy to breathe (Underwood 2006). In an interview with *Newsweek*, McDonough speaks of how a factory he designed makes toxic-free fabric, incidentally providing a stark commentary of modern industry and building design:

> The manufacturing process uses no mutagens, carcinogens, endocrine disrupters, heavy-metal contaminants or chemicals that cause ozone depletion, allergies, skin desensitization or plant and fish toxicity. We screened 8,000 commonly used chemicals and ended up with 38. When inspectors measured the effluent water, they thought their instruments were broken. The water was as clean as Swiss drinking water. A garden club started using the waste trimmings as mulch. Workers no longer had to wear protective clothing (Underwood 2006).

If McDonough's production uses materials that do not "cause ozone depletion, allergies, skin desensitization or plant and fish toxicity" it must be argued that common industrial buildings utilize

materials that do (Underwood 2006). It also must be said that waste and water that leave factories are normally not safe to be around. Yet, they still enter our natural and human environments. Another architect, Gail Lindsey, began to turn "green" after getting sick from fumes inside a building where she was taking a class (Tibbetts 1996). After that incident, Lindsey said, "I began to wonder whether we know enough about the materials we put into buildings" (Tibbetts 1996). As Lindsey offered, it is true that we often do not "know enough" about what we put into buildings, but even more so, as McDonough suggested, we often do not think enough about what we put into buildings, or, what we send out of them.

Additionally, with the popularity of air conditioning and the appearance of several pressing oil crises, architects have worked to make buildings as air tight as possible, unwittingly sacrificing human health as a result (Lacayo 2002; Tibbetts 1996). This lack of natural circulation only increases the amount of health-related problems humans face. Pollutants get re-circulated, exaggerated by the lack of natural air circulation. Breathing this air causes many health problems, so much that the grouping of the adverse effects has been coined, "sick building syndrome" (Tibbetts 1996). In fact, the EPA has called indoor air pollution "one of the top five risks to human health" consistently since 1987 (as cited in Tibbetts 1996).

Green builders, however, take careful action to create structures that promote healthy living conditions. Green builders are knowledgeable about—and consider—what their buildings are made of, and what their buildings emit (Underwood 2006). Everything from handling materials carefully to avoid mold growth, to choosing paints, carpets, and glues that do not have adverse effects on human or environmental health goes into the development of green buildings (del Monte 2006). Green builders work to make the safest buildings possible for humans and the environment.

In order to help promote the advance of healthy and environmentally friendly buildings, a council has been formed that helps groups assess how environmentally healthy builders' proposed buildings will be. The U.S. Green Building Council [USGBC] has developed a set of standards for green building, which helps regulate green

building procedures. Builders submit proposed design projects to the USGBC, which are then rated by officials who examine five components of the design (USGBC 2006a). According to the USGBC, these five areas of importance when building a green structure are as follows: "human and environmental health, sustainable site development, water savings, energy efficiency, materials selection, and indoor environmental quality" (2006a). Depending on how well a proposed project addresses these issues, it is refused certification, or rated certified as silver, gold, or platinum, respectively. This system is called the Leadership in Energy and Environmental Design (LEED) Green Building Rating System™ and ultimately helps to standardize the process of green architecture and construction by determining what exactly constitutes a green structure (USGBC 2006a). As an example, Figure 1.0 shows LEED's ratings of the Vancouver Port Authority Offices (USGBC 2006b).

"Un-green" buildings not only harm health, but waste energy as well—a heated topic in the environmental debate. According to John Tibbetts, a writer for the journal *Environmental Health Perspectives*, modern buildings are "profligate energy users, usually inefficiently lighted, cooled, heated, and ventilated" (1996). The EPA has found that buildings use even more energy than the nation's automobiles, while still one hears much more talk of automobiles being a problem than of houses (Brick 2003). The EPA has found that "[b]uildings accounted for 39.4 percent of total U.S. energy consumption in 2002" while automobiles made up only 27% of the nation's energy use (Brick 2003). This is not only a problem because energy is expensive and important to human life, but because most modern energy sources are not renewable. These sources will run out someday, a someday future generations have to face. In addition, most fuels used to produce energy also produce greenhouse gases, which may seriously contribute to global climate change. After study, the EPA concluded, "[b]uildings in the United States contribute 38.1 percent of the nation's total carbon dioxide emissions, including 20.6 percent from the residential sector and 17.5 percent from the commercial sector" (EPA 2004). Such large deposits of greenhouse gases in the atmosphere are not beneficial for human life.

On the other hand, green builders work to be on the forefront of energy conversation techniques and alternative energy technology. Things like recycled blue-jean insulation and a building's placement in regard to the sun easily conserve energy while providing benefits like waste reduction and natural lighting (Adler 2006). The Chesapeake Bay Foundation's [CBF] Philip Merrill Environmental Center in Annapolis, MD uses solar and geothermal energy to satisfy its energy needs (CBF 2006). Such resourceful uses of energy reduce the reliance on greenhouse gas producing fossil fuels, which saves the earth's resources and may, in fact, reduce global climatic changes. Nonetheless, more buildings are not going green because such a large change to structural construction and design—an industry indispensable and set in its ways—is difficult to implement. To do such a thing, construction companies have to change everything they do: from design to installation. New materials, new methods of installation, new technologies, new costs, are burdening to the companies who have used the same materials and same methods of construction for years (Tibbetts 1996). For the most part, contractors are hired to do their job as quickly and cheaply as possible, so in the construction industry, taking the time to learn and implement complex new methods of building is difficult and costly (Tibbetts 1996). Changing takes time, and time is money.

In fact, one of the biggest objections from critics of green building has been of economic matters (Brick 2003). A construction company that has built numerous green buildings estimates that it has spent 45 cents to $1.30 per a square foot, varying by building, above conventional construction costs to make electrical systems in its buildings exceed building codes [a.k.a. reach green standards] (Brick 2003). Often, alternative ecological building materials cost more than ordinary ones. In turn, many builders do not want to take the risk in endeavoring in such initially expensive projects. (Tibbetts 1996).

In spite of this, consumers and contractors have recently discovered that green buildings save more than they cost in the end ("Green Building" 2004). A new study conducted by Turner Construction Company has found that "[r]oughly three-quarters of executives

of organizations involved with green buildings reported that these buildings generated a higher return on investment (ROI) than other buildings" ("Green Building" 2004). Betsy del Monte, in the journal *American School & University*, writes, "[g]reen buildings...can provide many advantages. They cost less to operate, last longer and provide a better...environment. Constructing sustainable buildings isn't just good for the environment; it's also a good business decision" (2006). Building green can pay in the end.

Another issue, historically, is the problem of the circulation of information about alternative means of construction and design (Tibbetts 1996). Chris Schmitt, an architect interested in green building attests that this is the real big problem—obtaining reliable information about green building techniques and alternative structural design (Tibbetts 1996). Schmitt claims that, "[e]ven as an architect, it's very hard...the dissemination of information about alternative materials is poor [and] considering the lawsuit-crazy environment, architects are cautious about using them" (Tibbetts 1996). Architects and builders, who come from a very constant, nearly unchanging business often do not want to jeopardize their businesses on account of unreliable information, so for that reason, those unwilling to seek out new information frequently avoid building green (Tibbetts 1996).

However, when Schmitt was quoted 10 years ago, the industry was quite different than it is now. Although the information about ecological alternatives is still definitely not as commonplace as their competitors, the amount of information has certainly increased (Adler 2006). LEED has helped to standardize the processes of green building, and continues to work to educate people in numerous ways (USGBC 2006a). Workshops, demonstrations, classes, and publications are popping up across the nation (USGBC 2006a). With this, and the growing popularity of conscious environmentalism in every aspect of life—it is easy to learn how to be green.

Despite any pitfalls, green buildings are growing in popularity and for good reason (Stromberg 2005). Most of our lives are lived inside structures that affect our lives and our environment greatly. Nearly all buildings today are built in a way that harms and retracts

from life. Green buildings break that mold. Green buildings work to reduce levels of greenhouse gas production, waste of natural resources, waste of energy, and waste of space (EPA 2006). These structures are evidence that humankind can learn to manage our effects on the earth, and that buildings can be positive forces on our atmosphere. Building green reduces stress on the environment and through that, the world can be altered for good.

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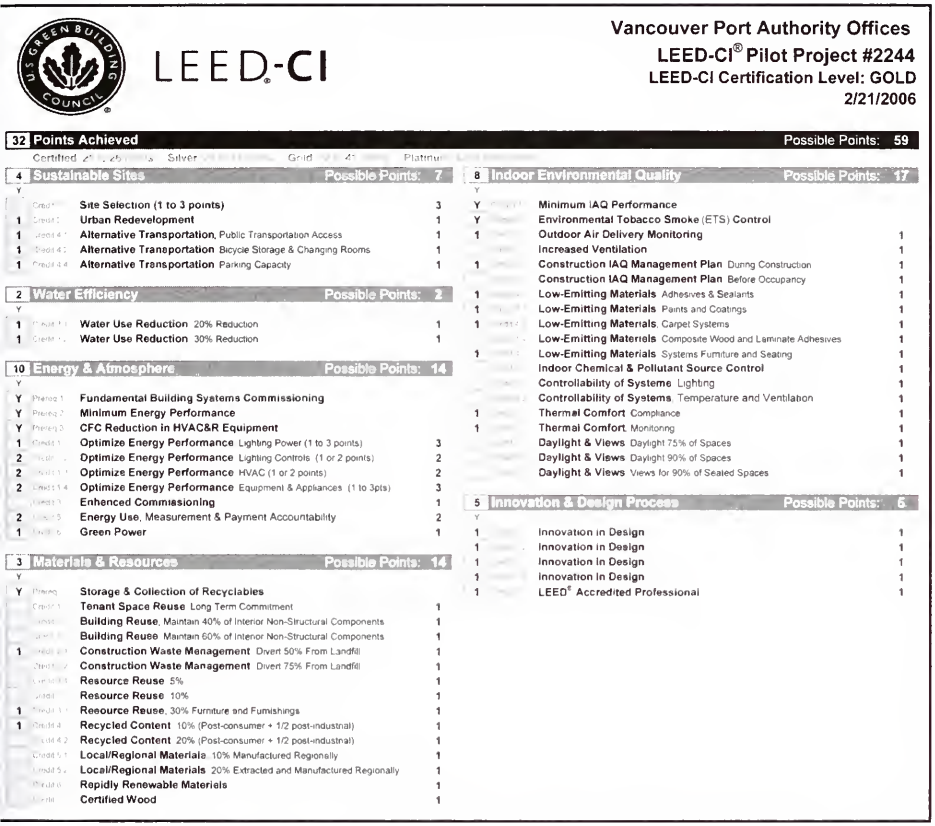

LEED-CI

Vancouver Port Authority Offices
LEED-CI® Pilot Project #2244
LEED-CI Certification Level: GOLD
2/21/2006

32 Points Achieved — Possible Points: 59

Certified · Silver · Gold · Platinum

4 Sustainable Sites — Possible Points: 7

Y	Prereq 1	Site Selection (1 to 3 points)
1	Credit 5	Urban Redevelopment
1	Credit 4.1	Alternative Transportation, Public Transportation Access
1	Credit 4.2	Alternative Transportation Bicycle Storage & Changing Rooms
1	Credit 4.4	Alternative Transportation Parking Capacity

2 Water Efficiency — Possible Points: 2

Y		
1	Credit 1.1	Water Use Reduction 20% Reduction
1	Credit 1.2	Water Use Reduction 30% Reduction

10 Energy & Atmosphere — Possible Points: 14

Y		
Y	Prereq 1	Fundamental Building Systems Commissioning
Y	Prereq 2	Minimum Energy Performance
Y	Prereq 3	CFC Reduction in HVAC&R Equipment
1	Credit 1	Optimize Energy Performance Lighting Power (1 to 3 points)
2	Credit 1.2	Optimize Energy Performance Lighting Controls (1 or 2 points)
2	Credit 1.3	Optimize Energy Performance HVAC (1 or 2 points)
2	Credit 1.4	Optimize Energy Performance Equipment & Appliances (1 to 3pts)
	Credit 3	Enhanced Commissioning
2	Credit 5	Energy Use, Measurement & Payment Accountability
1	Credit 6	Green Power

3 Materials & Resources — Possible Points: 14

Y		
Y	Prereq	Storage & Collection of Recyclables
	Credit 1	Tenant Space Reuse Long Term Commitment
	Credit 2	Building Reuse, Maintain 40% of Interior Non-Structural Components
	Credit 2	Building Reuse Maintain 60% of Interior Non-Structural Components
1	Credit 3.1	Construction Waste Management Divert 50% From Landfill
	Credit 3.2	Construction Waste Management Divert 75% From Landfill
	Credit 4.1	Resource Reuse 5%
	Credit 4.2	Resource Reuse 10%
1	Credit 4.3	Reeource Reuse, 30% Furniture and Furnishings
1	Credit 5.1	Recycled Content 10% (Post-consumer + 1/2 post-industrial)
	Credit 5.2	Recycled Content 20% (Post-consumer + 1/2 post-industrial)
	Credit 6.1	Local/Regional Materials 10% Manufactured Regionally
	Credit 6.2	Local/Regional Materials 20% Extracted and Manufactured Regionally
	Credit 7	Rapidly Renewable Materials
	Credit 8	Certified Wood

8 Indoor Environmental Quality — Possible Points: 17

Y		
Y	Prereq 1	Minimum IAQ Performance
Y	Prereq 2	Environmental Tobacco Smoke (ETS) Control
1	Credit 1	Outdoor Air Delivery Monitoring
	Credit 2	Increased Ventilation
1	Credit 3.1	Construction IAQ Management Plan During Construction
	Credit 3.2	Construction IAQ Management Plan Before Occupancy
1	Credit 4.1	Low-Emitting Materials Adhesives & Sealants
1	Credit 4.2	Low-Emitting Materials Paints and Coatings
1	Credit 4.3	Low-Emitting Materials Carpet Systems
	Credit 4.4	Low-Emitting Materials Composite Wood and Laminate Adhesives
1	Credit 4.5	Low-Emitting Materials Systems Furniture and Seating
	Credit 5	Indoor Chemical & Pollutant Source Control
	Credit 6.1	Controllability of Systems Lighting
	Credit 6.2	Controllability of Systems, Temperature and Ventilation
1	Credit 7.1	Thermal Comfort Compliance
1	Credit 7.2	Thermal Comfort Monitoring
	Credit 8.1	Daylight & Views Daylight 75% of Spaces
	Credit 8.2	Daylight & Views Daylight 90% of Spaces
	Credit 8.3	Daylight & Views Views for 90% of Sealed Spaces

5 Innovation & Design Process — Possible Points: 5

Y		
1	Credit 1.1	Innovation in Design
1	Credit 1.2	Innovation in Design
1	Credit 1.3	Innovation in Design
1	Credit 1.4	Innovation in Design
1	Credit 2	LEED® Accredited Professional

Figure 1.0.Vancouver Port Authority Offices LEED Ratings. (USGB 2006b)

Silent Hunter

ELISE KELLER

He stood on the scale and peered down. His protruding middle-aged stomach prevented him from seeing the large black numbers. He assumed that he was somewhere in the two hundred pound range. But, then again, you know what they say about assuming.

"It makes an ass out of you and me," Mitchell said in a singsong voice. He had grown up with that phrase drilled into his head. It was his mother's favorite saying. Mitchell learned to ignore it like he did his mom. As Mitchell stepped off the scale he rubbed his hands along his chin, turning his head left then right. He *supposed* that he could get away with his stubble. It wasn't *too* bad. Besides, no one would notice. It wasn't like anyone looked at his mouth when he talked. They were all too busy looking at his muggy brown eyes.

And his gut, he thought, looking down. That big old hairy thing just sticking out over his pants; blub blub blub. His wife used to say that it was her pillow. She used to love leaning her head on it; sometimes she would reach behind her and pretend to fluff it. That got a laugh out of her. Good old Maureen.

Mitchell swung open the medicine cabinet door and pulled out his dry, worn-bristled toothbrush. It was the only thing lying on the yellow shelves besides toothpaste and cobwebs. The cabinet looked so *big* now that it was devoid of tampons, face wash, cotton balls, eyeliner. It'd been two months, but some things made it more difficult to adjust.

Maybe he should fill up the space with mouthwash and some other useless items. Eh, that'd mean taking a trip to the oh-so-local convenience store-*Chip's*. No thanks. That's where all the people who had no lives hung out drinking sodas at the counter. *Chip's* had this old dank smell to it and the floors were still orange. That thing hadn't been remodeled since the town was built.

Mitchell began to scrub those pearly whites. More like yellow whites, if that even made any sense. He didn't turn on the hall light when he walked out because he hated artificial lighting. The sun was the most natural thing, and if it wasn't supposed to be sunny that day, then he would just have to work around it. Lighting from bulbs made his eyes hurt and provided no warmth. It was so unnatural, and just so eerie. He'd rather get his vitamins from the real deal, thanks.

His dog, Mercury, was lying in front of the fire with his black legs stretched out. Border Collies were supposed to be energetic, but this one sure wasn't. Even as a puppy he preferred rolling in the grass to playing Frisbee. Hercules, the black and white cat, was curled up next to Mercury. Mitchell always said that Hercules thought he was a dog. And why not? He *looked* like Mercury. It was Maureen's idea to raise them together. She would die if she could see them now. But, nope, she had to go off and let Mitchell *find* himself, whatever that meant.

"It's just never enough for you," she'd said to him at their last dinner together. He'd been sitting at the kitchen table, with a letter hanging from his hand like a broken limb. A healthy dessert of strawberries sat between him and his wife. "*I* never get all of my prospects for clients, I'm not *that* good of a decorator. Nobody is."

"But I thought that this story, this one would really grab them. Dad was right, I'm just no good," Mitchell pouted.

Maureen sat back, crossed her arms. "You can't listen to everyone.

If you were to stop now, stop all of the outlining, all of the publishing *right now*, wouldn't everything before—all of this—" she spread her arms wide, encompassing the kitchen like it was the whole world, "be enough?"

Mitchell looked up at her, raised an eyebrow in desperate need of plucking, and said, "No."

Maureen's face changed like the temperamental summer weather. She clenched her fists, leaned forward then relaxed and shook her head. She walked out, carrying with her a secret about Mitchell that he would never find out himself. He sat in the blue plastic chair like a defeated soldier, clinging to a note of discharge—kicked out of the only world that he'd known. The battles that he fought with his characters, the grounds he'd traveled with them, were all over.

"Hey there, Herc," Mitchell crooned; Hercules blinked his eyes. "How's my big boy doing?"

Mercury's ears went down. Hercules yawned, then resumed his mid-day nap. "Lazy animals. Why don't you go catch a mouse and chase a squirrel?" Neither of them responded. "You two have it better than I do. Do you know that?"

Mitchell went into the bare hallway; square marks lined the walls where pictures used to hang. There was only one now of him, his brother, and father. He looked away to the open door on the left. A thick red notebook, pens, stacks of paper, empty coffee mugs waited for him on his desk. Calling him, reaching out, taking his hand, leading him to that leather chair with the deerskin slung over its back. His brother, Jake, thought that Mitchell would like the gift. He overlooked the fact that Mitchell used to cower every time his dad took them hunting. He knew that it could go off any moment as he held the heavy gun in his tiny hands. He'd sit in those trees waiting, listening in the cold for a footstep from an innocent deer.

"Deer never look up," his dad had told him, as they stood at the base of a thick tree. "Now, you go on up there and just wait. They'll be comin' by. If you need any help, just whistle. Your brother and me'll be a few trees over."

While Mitchell sat in that tree, his back growing stiff and his lips chapped, he realized that he couldn't whistle. Not in that cold.

He wet his lips, clutching his gun to his chest, praying to God that it wouldn't go off. The snow fell down in thin sheets, his breath materialized before him as he exhaled. His hands became frozen. He had on gloves but they were the kind with the fingertips cut off. Up in that tree, with his orange vest on, he was afraid that something would get him. A bear or an alien, like in *Dreamcatcher.* He wouldn't be able to whistle, the monster would eat him, and the only thing left would be his gun. His father would come back, see it laying on the ground, with no trace of his son.

A deer did come by that day, and Mitchell wasn't going to shoot it. He waved his hand to shoo it away. When that didn't work he threw a pinecone, but it missed the deer by several inches. From the corner of his eye, he could see his dad waving at him, encouraging him. Mitchell knew that if he didn't shoot it, he would let his dad down. He brought the gun up to his eye looking through like his father had taught him. He wanted to miss the shot but it was impossible and his dad would know what he was up to. Mitchell pulled the trigger, and the deer collapsed. It wriggled on the ground for a moment and Mitchell turned, vomiting on the branch. His head spun and he felt like he was on a merry-go-round. His father whooped and ran to him.

That night, Mitchell's dad skinned the deer. Jake found it one day, gave it to him, and now Mitchell was stuck with it. He couldn't put it away, because his brother visited often.

Mitchell scowled. Whenever he had a bad writing day, he blamed it on the skin. It was cursed, haunted. The spirit of the deer was probably still in that thing, tormenting him. Mitchell meandered into the kitchen, grabbed the bag of pretzels and peanut butter. Something good to encourage the mind. Right when his pretzel landed in the Peter Pan peanut butter, the doorbell rang, and then the broken sound died.

"Shit," Mitchell whispered. He'd forgotten about his hunting date with Jake. He'd promised him two months ago to go out. There was a sharp, series of knocks. "Yeah, all right, I'm here."

Mitchell tugged open the thick, splintered, red door. Jake stood rubbing his gloved hands together. He was wearing khakis, brown boots, leather jacket, and his silly hunting hat equipped with earflaps. Snow blew through the open door. Mitchell smiled.

"Let me in, will you? I'm freezing my ass off out here."

"Jake, I'm shocked. You still remember the naughty words?"

"Damn, it's dim in here," Jake scowled at him. He pushed his way through stomping his wet feet on the snow covered mat. Mercury made his way over, wagging his tail unenthusiastically. Apparently, that took too much effort.

"Got the fire," Mitchell pointed.

"Yeah, yeah." Jake walked across the gray stained carpet. With the long winters, there was no point in trying to keep it clean. Jake bent down, and put his hands in front of the fire.

"To what do I owe this lovely visit? Where's little Margaret? I miss her poking my stomach and chasing me around the house."

"Eh, Nancy took her up to her mother's for a day visit."

"Skipped out?"

"Huh, do you even have to ask? That woman is the devil."

"Do you think Nancy will make it back in the weather?"

Jake looked up and smiled. "Nope, she already called. She's spending the night. That's why I came over here. Man, I love Margaret, but all that noise gives me headaches. You're lucky you've never had to deal with that."

"I have my two kids."

"Who? These guys?" Jake nodded at Hercules and Mercury.

"Yeah, what a handful. I pity you."

"Well, I was planning on getting some writing done today."

Jake straightened up, took off his coat, and threw it on the couch. "Looks like it."

"Hey, this isn't the town dump. You can't just throw your—"

"I'll throw my shit wherever I want. But if you really care, I'll hang it up."

"Remind me why I let you in?"

Jake laughed as he put his coat in the closet. The scent of mothballs wafted into the room as he shut the doors.

"Give me a beer, huh?" Jake said.

"Get it yourself."

Mitchell followed Jake into the kitchen. The bottles rattled as Jake sorted through his selection. "Ah, good old Saranac, my favor-

ite." Jake put the bottle top against the counter, hit it, and a refreshing, *shhhhh* sound escaped. He drank deep, smacked his lips. "Now that's what I'm talking about." He paused and looked around the kitchen. The floor was still linoleum green, the countertops an ugly orange, and the wallpaper a maple leaf pattern. "Too bad Maureen left, she could have finished this place. You know, I've got a name of this really good interior designer. Nancy works with him. I'll give it to you."

Mitchell sighed, pulled back a creaky wooden chair, and sat down at the table. The chair wobbled underneath his growing weight. Maureen used to work for Nancy as one of her top designers. Nancy introduced him to Maureen when she complained about being single. Look how well *that* turned out. "Why are you here, again?"

"Our hunting trip, remember?"

Mitchell straightened, his stomach tightened.

"Something wrong?" Jake asked.

"I— I haven't been in such a long time. I've forgotten how."

"It's like riding a bike. Besides, don't you want another skin to add to your collection?"

Mitchell hesitated.

"Come on, I brought you some clothes. They're in my trunk. It's a great day to go. Come on, don't be a party pooper. Besides, I get to spend some quality time with my little brother. Please? You can bring Mercury. Sure he'd love the exercise. He's starting to look like a big round hot dog."

Mitchell tapped his fingers against the table. His red notebook floated to mind. "My writing—"

"You can take a break. It'll be here when you get back," Jake paused. He came over to Mitchell, kneeled down in front of him, took his hand, and whimpered.

"All right," Mitchell waved Jake's hand off.

"All right, let's go. Get your boots on."

Mitchell pushed himself up, walked to the mudroom, his legs getting heavier. His stomach clenched and he leaned against the wooden wall, closing his eyes.

"Mitchell?" Jake called from the front of the house.

"Yeah, coming!" Mitchell responded, swallowing back stomach acid. He bent down, grabbed his boots, and caught his breath.

"Uh, hey Jake! Where are we going?"

"Old Lake!"

"Wait, that's where—"

"I know, Dad's coming!" The front door slammed. Mitchell gasped, blinked the gray spots away from his eyes, and turned to leave. As he shut the front door, with Mercury bounding out and Hercules meowing, the fire crackled.

"You sure Dad'll be okay?" Mitchell asked. Jake parked the car in front of a mailbox equipped with antlers and honked. Through the snow Mitchell could see the red house that held selfishly onto his childhood. The porch leaned into itself and the shutters were crooked. The house was a monster that never let go of anything that walked into it. Mitchell considered himself lucky that he ever made it out alive. There were those few years when he thought that he'd be lost within the pine tree wallpaper, moldy carpet, and wicker chairs, forever.

"What do you mean? Hell, Dad lives for this stuff. No Parkinson's is going to stop him. In fact, not even the devil could. He's crazy—like a bat flying out of hell."

"He's a bat flying *into* hell," Mitchell muttered.

Appearing through the snow like some long awaited God was their dad, Marty. The swirling snow seemed to part as he walked through it like Moses. All Mitchell could see of him was the orange, brown vest and the black shadow of his gun. The hand tipped down his hat. Jake repeated the action. He looked over at Mitchell and nudged him.

"You get in the back."

"What?"

"Yeah, move over for the old man. He gets shotgun.

"Oh, what's wrong, little Mitchy doesn't want to?"

Mitchell grunted, scrambled out of the car, and got into the back.

"Uh, feels good to be off the old feet," Marty sighed.

"Hey dad," Jake said pulling away, "how's it going?"

"Good. It took me ten minutes to get through that blizzard, there. Can you believe it? Most guys my age, it'd take them thirty!" his laugh was raspy, light, and short like a cough. Mercury sat up on the seat and poked his nose at Marty. "What's this beast?"

"It's Mitchell's."

"He's a Border Collie, he herds animals," Mitchell said.

"Hunting, herding, what's the difference? They're both the same thing. But we don't need a dog. I never used a dog all my hunting years. You know why?"

"Why pops?" Jake asked enthusiastically.

"'Cause I went hunting with my friend one day. It was real foggy, real foggy. We couldn't see a damn thing in front of us. We were walking through these here woods in quail season. It was quail season and it was really foggy. Well, my friend Jeb brought his dog Duke along. Guess where Jeb went? Duke University. He studied business for a year, then stopped. He got enough information to start his own store and dropped out."

Mitchell leaned his head against the glass and stared out the window like a six-year-old. A truck passed them; he put his hand up, watching it speed away. Maybe they were migrating to Florida. Anywhere, just away from the hunting.

"He owns the hunting store in town."

"Jeb's Hunting Store?" Jake asked.

"Uh, yep, that's it. Well, we were walking through the woods and all a sudden we hear these wings beating. Feathers slashing at us every which way," as Marty narrated, he flailed his arms. "We walked ourselves right into a flock of quail! Jeb got his sense on before I did and started shooting at 'em. Duke wasn't a real good hunting dog...got worked up into a real frenzy, chasing the quail. He jumped up in the air same time Jeb shot, Jeb couldn't see and boom!" Marty paused. "Shot the damn mutt."

Mitchell grabbed Mercury's collar, pulled his head to him, and pet him.

"Wow, that sucks. What'd you guys do?" Jake chimed in.

"I'll tell you what—we never went hunting with a dog again!"

Mercury rested his head in Mitchell's lap and closed his eyes. Mitchell wished that he could sleep. Ever since Maureen left weeks had blurred into one. Sleeping was something that came at odd hours during the day. Often he'd fall asleep around noon and wake up to find that it was two in the morning. Who slept that long besides dogs and cats?

It seemed like days before they reached the woods—their dad babbled on, never fully addressing Mitchell. Jake coasted into a clearing, cut the lights and the motor. Marty struggled out of the car, took a deep breath and looked into the back seat.

"Leave that mutt in there, ok?" he boomed, pointing at the dozing dog. "He'll scare away the game!" Mitchell didn't object he was afraid that Mercury would suffer the same fate as Duke with his dad's bad eyesight. Marty turned, clapped Mitchell on the shoulders.

"It's a *great* hunting day. Can't you just smell it?"

"Yeah, smells great."

"That's the spirit!"

Mitchell pulled a Tums out of his pocket.

"What's that you got there?" his dad asked.

"Uh, just something for my head."

"What's wrong with your head?"

"Hell of a lot!" Jake chimed in.

"You wouldn't be popping pills if nothing was wrong with your head."

"I'm not popping pills. I just have a headache, that's all."

"Why didn't you say so? Shoot, you don't need pills for that," his dad continued, waving his hand. He gesticulated more since he was diagnosed with Parkinson's. Mitchell figured that his dad was trying to pretend that he had some control over his arm motions. He made a mental note *not* to hunt near him. Everything in his body shook. Just from excitement, his dad had said in the car.

"All you have to do is wait out the head ache. I've gone seventy years without any headache medicine and I'm just fine. It's just like your marriage. Think your mom and I didn't have our potholes? We got so many flat tires, but keep driving."

"He's fragile dad," Jake whispered. "Remember?"

"But remember that time," he said. "when he killed that deer?"

"Yeah, big one too. He was a real beaut."

"I still got the antlers glued to the mailbox. After all these years."

"All right, dad, enough chit-chat," Jake said. "You'll scare away the deer. Let's go."

"Maybe," Mitchell croaked as they entered the woods, "maybe we should wait a few minutes."

Jake didn't hear him, up ahead, making a pathway for his dad to follow in the thick snow. Marty kept his head down focused on his steps. The gun trembled in his hand beside him. Mitchell prayed it wouldn't go off. Boom! It'd blow his whole foot clear into the sky! Blood would spray everywhere; they'd have to rush to the hospital, which was a good three hours away. It would prevent them from hunting. A part of Mitchell wanted the gun to go off.

"Wait for what?" his dad asked. A delayed response, but it all came with the disease. Trembling, stuttering, delays, all wrapped up in one nice, neat, package.

"For the storm to die down. How are we going to see any deer?"

"Don't you know anything, boy? This is the best time! Everything's quiet. Deer won't hear a thing. Don't you still go hunting?"

"Oh, yeah," Mitchell tried to sound truthful. "Almost every weekend. But, you know, with my new fiction book and all, I've been running out of time."

"Book? You're still working on that damn thing? Stuck inside all day, it's not healthy."

"Well, I do have a new collection of stuff," Mitchell continued, unable to veer off the lying track. "You can come and see it sometime."

His dad didn't say anything but continued his trek forward. Mitchell mentally slapped himself, why did he say that? That was the trouble with Marty. He always made Mitchell spin these enormous lies. Jake called out that there was a tree root, and his dad kept going with his hunched back and gun.

They stopped at a clearing in the woods where all of the paths met. Deer passing through would inevitably come to this spot. Charred logs sat covered by snow in the center. A few thin bones were scatted around it like a warning to the animals that lived in the forest. The hunters knew the clearing as the Garden of Good Eatin's, but to Mitchell it was the Garden of Murder. He could still smell the raw, smoky, stench of roasted deer from years ago. Jake bent down, picked up a bone, and then tossed it into a bush.

"Looks like someone had a nice rabbit meal, here. Wonder who it was?"

Marty was trying to kneel on the ground, but he was frozen like the tree branches hanging above him with ice sickles dripping from their arms.

"What is it pops?" Jake asked.

"Look—damn, the ground's just too wet to sit on," Marty lied. "Look right there. Do you see that? You see what that is? Oh there's only one thing that could make a track like that."

"These tracks look pretty fresh, wouldn't you say pop?" Jake added.

"Ain't nothing fresher! Not even droppings. Good thing the snow hasn't covered up the prints yet. There *has* to be some deer around. Telling by the looks of it, it's probably young. Mmmm, mmmm, their meat's the tenderest. We'll have some good dinner tonight, boys. Mitch'll catch us another good one, won't you?"

"Huh? What?" Mitchell pulled his head away from the tracks. Marty's head twisted around to look at him. He tried to take a step towards Mitchell, but all his body did was shake in response. He put his hand in his breast pocket and pulled out a cigarette, to make it look like he meant to stay in one place.

"You off somewhere again? You were always off on some other planet far, far, away. Jake here, he lives in the moment, lives for the gun," Marty patted his shotgun. "You have to learn the same thing, Mitch. But today, you'll catch us a nice big stag."

"Hah. I think Mitchell's got a Napoleon complex. He needs to snag that big stag to make up for his lack of manliness," Jake laughed. He doubled over at his joke and slapped his legs.

"Of course I'll catch one, dad. I'll shoot it and give it to you. Would you like that?" Mitchell's voice shook. He swallowed back his stomach acid.

"Course. Now let's go. Enough standing around. Jake, get yourself up, boy. Now look, we must split up it's better that way. I'll go to the East platform right over there. Jake, you go West, Mitchell North. We'll see something. Keep your out eye out—both of 'em left and right. Chances are she'll come back then we'll get her!"

"Dad, wait," Jake, said, reaching into his bag. "Here take this walkie talkie, you too bro." He shoved one into Mitchell's hand.

Marty snatched it, grunting. He pulled some deer food from his camouflaged pocket and spread it on the ground. He was known to be a cheater, especially in cards. Marty nodded then walked off, jerky at first like one of those clay animated characters on television. He reached his favorite tree with the hunting platform that he'd sat on so many times before. Jake and Mitchell watched as their dad grabbed a board nailed into the bark. He pulled himself up, almost fell, but kept going. He panted heavily once he was on top, sat down, and rested his head against the trunk.

"What-what're you two looking at? Tree's grown is all.... longer climb. Now go on." Marty lit a cigarette. Mitchell and Jake looked at each other.

"Jake," Mitchell whispered, leaning so close to his brother that he could see his stubble. "He shouldn't be doing this. He's too sick."

"He's perfectly fine," Jake snapped. "Nothing's wrong with him. He's just a little old, that's all."

"Jake, he's got—"

"I know what he's got Mitchell! The man's allowed to do whatever the hell he wants!" He slapped Mitchell on the back. "Now come on, let's go get some trophies."

Mitchell wanted to reach out, grab his brother's shoulders and shake Marty out of him. But Jake was already walking away, swinging his arms like a gorilla the same way his dad did. From the back, Jake looked like a younger version of Marty. He had the same broad shoulders, plaid fleece jacket, long legs. Mitchell's mom told him

that when he was two he would call Jake daddy. Mitchell sighed and went to his stand.

A sharp, tingling pain traveled up and down Mitchell's right leg as he sat Indian style on the splintered platform. He was afraid to stretch fearing that movement would cause the rickety platform to come crashing down. Then he'd end up with two broken legs and a neck. The snow had slowed down to flurries that drifted lazily to the ground. They were the stragglers that got left behind. One fell onto the tip of his nose, melted, then dripped off.

"Something's happenin' in here, what it is ain't exactly clear, there's a man with a gun over there," Mitchell sang out to hear the sound of *someone's* voice. It was silent except for the scraping of the icy branches against each other. Mitchell pulled his coat closer to his body and tried to sink down into it to hide from the dead quiet. Why'd he answer the door this morning? He *knew* that it was going to be Jake. He should've just pretended to be gone, or dead, then he wouldn't be here. But, if he hadn't answered the door and it was Maureen coming back, he would've missed her.

Heh, if she could see him now stuck up in the tree, she'd laugh or cry. She'd tell him how cute he looked, or how awkward, how out of place he was. He belonged in his chair in front of his computer, working on his stories.

The wind picked up to a loud roar. There was a snap next to his ear—he cried out in shock. A red squirrel flew down the tree in a maddening spiral. Mitchell jumped, falling flat on his back, his head hanging over the side. Upside down, the trees grew into the snow. Static crackled near his hip.

"Mitchell!" Marty's rough voice boomed into the air like God calling to him. Mitchell's head felt like a balloon, filled with the blood rushing to his head. "Mitchell! The clearing! Look!"

Slowly, rolling onto his stomach, he unglued himself from his spot. His vision blurred, blending the brown and white winter colors. He just wanted to go back to the car and sit down in the nice cushioned seats with the heat. He wanted to escape, to get away, but he was locked, stuck like a deer in headlights.

With a shaking body he looked to the right where the pit was. A big, slender stag stood with his head down eating the food that Marty had placed there. His tan ears rotated in circles, picking up any sudden sounds. The small stubby tail jerked; he kicked his back leg in reflex.

"There he is, Mitchell. Shoot him! Go on...get him!" Marty crackled. "Do it like you did before. Do it so I can have his beautiful skin. My hand's too shaky from excitement. Go on," the voice echoed like a dim ghost.

Mitchell grew dizzy as he spun back years ago to when his dad made him kill his first deer. He could still feel his dad's wrinkled bumpy hand close his smooth young fingers over the trigger. He could still smell his dad's sharp, smoky, tar breath; feel its warmth against his cheeks.

"That's it, just hold her steady," he'd whispered.

Unconsciously, Mitchell grabbed his gun. The cool, slender, thin body slid into his palm.

"Go on, Mitch. Go on. Keep her steady."

Mitchell was a kid again, back in his platform with his dad urging him on. He raised his lead arm, brought the gun up to his face. The black metal bumped against his cheek so hard that it probably left a bruise. The deer continued eating, entranced by the treats Marty had given him. His finger slid into the trigger—it felt awkward and uncomfortable. It was nothing like the natural way his fingers wrapped around a pen.

His dad's heavy breathing poured from the walkie-talkie, filled the silent tingling air. Mitchell closed one eye to get better aim. The poor, innocent deer, unknowing, not hearing. He blinked; his legs grew hot, sweat formed in his armpits even though he was cold. Maureen's voice floated to the surface of his mind, *I should call you Mrs. Dalloway. You're just like her, you know, doing everything that other people want you to do.*

Acid rose in his mouth—Mitchell wished that he had more Tums. His dad was now yelling and cursing through the walkie talkie. The gun grew heavier, his arm sagged, Mitchell couldn't hold it up anymore—he just couldn't—he just—

BOOM... BOOM.... BOOM...

Mitchell, Marty, and Jake stood in a circle; their breaths came together forming a large white cloud over the dead deer. Blood dried on the tan skin in clumps; the mouth was partly open as though the deer tried to scream. Its eyes were frozen, still staring at the food it had been grazing on. Jake scratched his scalp, surprised that he had gotten the thing. He'd been pretty far away; truth was he didn't expect to kill it. Now, he didn't know how the hell he was going to get it in his trunk.

Marty stood closer to Jake, head down, frowning. He hadn't spoken a word to Mitchell. His arms were crossed over his chest and his mouth was a tight line. He looked at the deer in disgust, as though he didn't want it anymore. Mitchell half-expected Marty to grab the deer, throw it into the pit, and burn it. Mitchell knew that Jake had already given his dad everything he wanted; Marty didn't need the deer from him.

Mitchell stared at the glossy eyes; the stench of rotting onions and throw-up oozed from the body. He hadn't thrown up this time. His stomach was surprisingly calm and settled. He stripped off his hunting jacket, tired of wearing that skin. It hung over his arm, neglected.

When Mitchell got home, he stepped out of the silent car. Jake gave his best, over enthusiastic bye, but Marty said nothing. Mitchell entered the house with Mercury in tow. He grabbed the deerskin off the back of his chair, threw his hunting jacket into a trashcan, and went to the fireplace. He tossed the deerskin into the pit. The flames' greedy hands grabbed the skin, consuming it, eating it, growing larger and larger.

The scent of smoky beef-jerky traveled up the chimney, away from his nose. Mitchell looked up at the mantle, where a picture of him and his dad holding the deer stood next to Maureen's portrait. He grabbed the picture of his dad, but left the one of Maureen, and fed it to the hungry fire. Mitchell slumped onto the couch, scratched Mercury's ears, and waited for the fire to die.

Abandoned #2

KAITLYN RUITENBERG
Digital Print

Prescribed Burning Effects on a Warm-Season Grassland Restoration

CHELSEA PRIOR

ALTHOUGH MANY PEOPLE ASSOCIATE prairies and grasslands with the fertile Midwest, studies have shown that warm-season grasses were once found to be native not only to the Eastern Shore area, but also to the entire area stretching from Florida to New England. Warm season grassland restoration projects have been supported by the Conservation Reserve Program (CRP), as part of the United States Department of Agriculture. By restoring agricultural lands to grasslands, soil erosion would be reduced as well as chemical run-off from pesticides and/or fertilizers (Dodge et al., 2001). The CRP program is also aimed at helping restore the native habitat, as well as native wildlife into the area.

To help with these restoration efforts, the Maryland Conservation Reserve Enhancement Program (CREP) was established through a partnership of the Maryland State government and the federal government. Very close attention is paid in protecting sensitive land in Maryland, which is located within the Chesapeake Bay watershed (Dodge et al., 2001). By adding funding through the state, the CRP and CREP were able to fully compensate local farmers for the turn-

around of their once farmed land to warm-season grasslands.

Prescribed burns and mowing have been used since the time of Native Americans to reduce woody vegetation and help facilitate growth of grasses. Woody vegetation, unlike grasses, has growing points above ground, which are killed during a fire (Collins and Wallace, 1990). Moreover, after a prescribed burn, woody vegetation becomes more susceptible to browsing animals. Grasses on the other hand are protected by fires, since their growing points are underground. Therefore, when fires occur in grasslands, only the dead biomass above ground is burned (Collins and Wallace, 1990). This increases productivity of grasses by allowing more nutrients to be released into the soil for later uptake as well as light to become more available for the grasses.

The use of annual prescribed burns has been studied, but mostly in the nutrient rich soils of the Midwest (e.g. Ehrenreich and Aikman, 1963). Many studies on prescribed burns have taken place in forested areas such as the Southern Appalachian Mountains and in numerous Oak forests (Tester, 1989; Elliot and Vose, 2005). Other studies have involved grazing and/or mowing (Tracy and McNaughton, 1997; Christensen, 1976). Results from forest studies have shown a positive effect on soil chemical properties from infiltration of the alkaline ash from the burns, however few results have been reported from grassland projects.

With the aid of CREP and CRP, agricultural land once farmed for corn (*Zea mays L.*), soybean (*Glycine max L.*) and wheat (*Triticum aestivum L.*) for 60 years on a rotating basis, was turned into a grassland restoration project. This land, the Chester River Field Research Center (CRFRC) is located within Chino Farms on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. This conversion consisted of several fields being drill seeded with different warm-season grasses. The particular field in which this research is conducted was seeded with little bluestem [*Schizachyrium scoparium* (Michx.) Nash], big bluestem (*Andropo gon gerardii*) and eastern gamagrass (*Tripsacum dactyloides L.*). The initial purpose of this project was to bring back native bird wildlife such as the Grasshopper Sparrow (*Ammodramus savannarum*). One part of this restoration process was management of the fields. The best way

to manage the growing grasslands was to have annual prescribed burns. By maintaining these grassland areas, more birds would populate the area and begin to breed in these habitats of the grasses. Although the burns were initially designed for the bird habitat and overall restoration process, the prescribed burns also would affect the soil chemistry in the area of the burns.

The soils in the Mid-Atlantic Coastal Plain are classified primarily as Ultisols, and as such they are low in nutrients and organic matter and are moderately acidic (Sherman et al., 2005), a stark contrast from Midwestern prairies. Therefore any large infiltration of ash was hypothesized to cause significant changes in the soil chemistry. The highly weathered soils on the Eastern Shore of Maryland have lost many important nutrients such as calcium (Ca), magnesium (Mg) and potassium (K) due to leaching. Although this type of soil can support continuous farming, over the years, the input of lime and fertilizers is needed to keep high production (McDaniel, 2006).

The first prescribed burn took place on April 4, 2003 and the second burn on October 26, 2004. Soil samples were collected at the CRFRC field sites twelve or thirteen days after a prescribed burn and then again one year after the burn. To compare soil samples after each burn, samples were also taken one day prior to the first burn to act as the control for this project. Soil was analyzed for total soil organic matter and total exchangeable cations. Soil cores were sliced into five layers, at 0-2.5 cm, 2.5 – 5.0 cm, 5.0-10.0 cm, 10.0-15.0 cm and 15.0-20.0 cm, to the bottom of the surface soil horizon.

Organic matter was determined by the loss-on-ignition method described by Ben-Dor and Banin (1989), but with slight modifications (Nelson and Sommers, 1996). Thirty crucibles, which are kept in ascending numerical order in six rows of five crucibles, are first heated in the muffle furnace at 400° C for two hours and cooled in the desiccator for one hour. During that time, the soil samples were scooped out using the 2.0 g scoop into small labeled weight boats for easy transport and storage. The soil samples, which were all done in replicates, were then ground to a finer consistency using a mortar and pestle. The weight of the crucibles was taken to the nearest 0.1 mg. Soil samples were added the crucibles and heated to 105° C in

a drying oven for twenty-four hours. Crucibles were cooled in the desiccator for one hour and the weight of the crucible and sample was determined. The weight of the sample was then determined by subtraction. The crucibles were then placed in the muffle furnace at 400° C for 16 hours and then cooled in the desiccator for ninety minutes. Again, the weight of the crucible and ignited sample was determined. Once the last weight was determined, the crucibles were brushed out and cleaned again for another set. The loss-on-ignition percentage (the organic matter) was then determined using the following equation:

$$\text{LOI } \% = \frac{\text{Weight}_{105} - \text{Weight}_{400}}{\text{Weight}_{105}} \times 100$$

On a balance, 2.50 g soil was weighed out in replicate and stored in 125 mL Erlenmeyer flasks. Using a volumetric pipette, 25 mL of Mehlich-3 extract was added to the flask. The flasks were then put on the New Brunswick Scientific Reciprocating Shaker for five minutes at 200 rpm. Once off the shaker, the solution was decanted into the 30 mL centrifuge tube, leaving as much soil as possible in the flask. The samples were then centrifuged for fifteen minutes at 2,000 rpm. While the samples were being centrifuged, the Millipore Swinnex filter holders were attached to the 20 mL scintillation vials. The BD 20 mL Luer-Lok tip syringes were then attached to the filter holders. The syringes were taken apart so that the sample could be decanted into the syringe after they were centrifuged. The filters had Whatman 42 filter paper that was cut down with scissors to fit the filter size by using a pre-made template. Carefully, the samples were filtered into the scintillation vials, which were labeled with the sample name. The vials were then stored in the refrigerator until samples were ready to be shipped overnight with ice packs to the University of Arkansas Plant and Soil Analysis lab by Inductively Coupled Argon Plasma-Optical Emission Spectroscopy.

After each burn, ash deposits on the surface layers of the soil. After a rain, ash infiltrates into the soil, where a fraction of the total ash will remain intact or dissolve in the presence of infiltrating water,

which then releases cation nutrients. After the first burn, there was more total soil organic matter in the top layer than in the bottom layers, reflecting t a build-up in the top surface soil layers. However, after the second burn, more ash infiltrated into the second layer and remained trapped there. Results suggest that this build-up not only consists of ash from that second burn, but also of residual ash from the first burn that had not dissolved and had infiltrated down the soil profile. Therefore, instead of decreasing a year after a prescribed burn, as was hypothesized, the total soil organic matter continued to build-up.

A similar increase was found for both exchangeable cations magnesium and calcium after the first and second burn as compared to the pre-burn sampling. Both magnesium and calcium have a similar affinity for soil particles due to their divalent charges and hence both Ca and Mg tend to follow the same pattern after each burn analysis. A year after the first burn, there was a large decrease from the previous eleven days post burn sampling, but right after the second burn, an increase in total Ca and Mg is seen again. The loss one year after a burn can be due to cations either being taken up by the plants or leach out of the soil, but after the burns, cations wills again build-up. For the exchangeable cation potassium, no such trend is seen between burns. There is however a steady increase in K from pre-burn samples to samples taken a year after the second burn in layer one. Unlike the other cation nutrients, K comes from other sources than ash such as leaching from decaying plant litter.

Few studies have found that with the infiltration of ash from the burns, the total organic matter shows a slight increase. The second prescribed burn at the CRFRC site took place during the early winter, which was similar to a burn performed on the Kansas Flint Hills by Owensby and Wyrill (1973). Both burns during the similar period show an increase in total soil organic matter as compared to the control plots (Owensby and Wyrill, 1973). The effects on total exchangeable cation nutrients, specifically calcium and magnesium, after a prescribed burn have shown to increase from pre-burn values in the same fertile Midwest grassland (Owensby and Wyrill,

1973) and in soils from Big Meadows, Shenandoah National Park (Christianson, 1976).

These results have not been typical, especially in the nutrient-rich Midwest soils. Effects of prescribed burns on potassium have been even more rare instances. Since potassium is directly linked to come from different sources, hypothesizing the effects of burning on K levels are not always accurate. For example, a study done in a Mediterranean grassland in the Prades Mountains in Spain actually saw a decrease in pre-burn values a year later (beda et al. 2005).

Since the start of this project, there have been four prescribed burns. With the soil analyses performed on each set of samples, changes within the soil chemistry are evident. Although the long-term effects of prescribed burns at this site are unknown, the short-term effects are proving to be beneficial to the restoration project, which includes the build-up of nutrients for increased productivity. With prescribed burns being continued into the future, grasses will continue to grow and thrive in this area. Wildlife that also used to inhabit this area will also return back to what they used to call home.

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Migration

MEGAN BLOCK

A thousand birds have flocked that field.
We stop and look, get out of cars.
Phenomenons worth the noticing; I wag
fog from the front windshield.

Like dead winter crops all in a row, small eyes
that flash hot blue chagrin. We comment
on the state of earth, our neglect,
our portended eventual demise.

They're huddled close, a moving pack, on land
are just confused as sky. Familiar dire differences-
a certain change, alarming rates, quick fights
plug waists of hourglass cans.

Long past the field, I muse the sight
of a thousand lost birds on a frozen patch. In dreams,
in warm hearts of ebbing crowds-
flap hard in distress, and thus take flight.

A Garden Inclosed:
The Cloistered Garden and the Capulet Orchard

VICTORIA A. LARSON

"A garden inclosed is my sister, my spouse; a spring shut up, a fountain sealed. Thy plants are an orchard of pomegranates, with pleasant fruits... A fountain of gardens, a well of living waters, and streams from Lebanon. Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out. Let my beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits."

—Song of Songs 4:12-13, 15-16
King James Study Bible

OF ALL OF SHAKESPEARE'S VARIABLE SETTINGS, one springs to mind as surprisingly constant from telling to retelling: the Capulet orchard of *Romeo and Juliet*.[1] Perhaps the endurance of the orchard is due to its ability to make manifest the bond between the lovers; as Terry Comito points out in *The Idea of the Garden in the Renaissance*, "Love and gardens are linked by traditions of thought as well as myth, and the two traditions interpenetrate, support, and transform one another."[2] The influence of tradition comes to bear in the case of the Capulet orchard particu-

larly, for there is such a long history draw from: cloistered gardens have roots in austere religious theology and in the luxuries of love and pleasure. When an author like Shakespeare takes all those influences and combines them within a single play, with a single setting, the result is a play like *Romeo and Juliet*, where themes of religion and love and sacrifice are melded from the beginning. The Capulet orchard hearkens back to historical garden design and a Christian tradition that perceived the Virgin Mary as an enclosed garden. It calls to mind the verse from the *Song of Solomon*, and evokes the medieval pleasure garden of the *Romance of the Rose*—which the text of *Romeo and Juliet* parallels in several ways. This link between the Capulet orchard and other gardens of historical, theological, traditional nature provides insight into themes within the play centering on the increase of knowledge and the inverse loss of innocence—a central Edenic theme.

The cloistered garden seems to find its earliest roots in the passage from the *Song of Solomon*. According the editors of the *King James Study Bible*, some argue the *Song of Solomon* is a metaphor, whether for the marriage of the Lord to the maiden Israel or of the Church to Christ.[3] Others say it is nothing more than a disconnected series of love poems. Others contest that the Song *does* describe a literal romance between Solomon, its author, and a Shulamite maiden. Whatever it is or however it was intended, the *Song of Solomon* is not just a typical Sunday afternoon romp through the scripture. It is a love poem of surpassing beauty, invested not just with lyricism but with a fair share of sensual material: the cloistered garden is a virginal woman, the waters are linked to sexual libido, and the eating of the pleasant fruits is the act of consummation.[4] Yet the historical treatment of the verse reeks of paradox: despite its bold profile, the verse is also the inspiring source of the *hortus conclusus*, the enclosed garden—a metaphor for she who is widely considered to possess the most immaculate of souls: the Virgin Mary.

Using an enclosed garden in association with the Virgin Mary was a common motif during the medieval period whose popularity persisted into the early modern period. Artistic work depicting the Annunciation or the virgin and child frequently contains either flowers

linked with the Virgin—namely the rose *(rosa)* or the appropriately-named madonna lily (*lilium candidum)*—or else depicts the virgin within an enclosed garden or nearby to one, as depicted in Figure 1.1. The Marian *hortus conclusus* is unavoidably linked with Eden as well; the boundaries of a cloistered garden parallel the Cherubim placed east of Eden, and the flaming sword that prevents entry to the tree of life.[5] Seen as an inclosed garden, sinless Mary is nothing less than a second Eden: "S. Augustin sayeth thus: The Virgin Mary is sayd to be a Paradice, in the midst wherof is the Tree of Life."[6] In the Christian tradition, the literal tree of life of the Torah is replaced by the Branch of Jesse, Jesus Christ. In this light, the allegory of Mary as a garden renders her *hortus conclusus* theologically of greater purity than Eden. As Henry Hawkins says in a devotional book to Mary published in 1633, "for that the Garden of Eden, or Terrestrial Paradice, was not so exempt from Sinne, but the place where Sinne began....Wheras this Garden (Our Ladie) was a Garden shut-vp indeed from the beginning, and diuinely preserued Immaculate."[7]

The connection with the *Song of Songs* and with Adam and Eve is sustained through the comparison of the Holy Spirit[8] to the wind of the north and south: "The Holie-Spirit, like a subtile wind, Peercing through al, only a way could find. As th'Earth brought forth at first, how't is not knowne: So did this Garden, which was neuer sowne."[9] As Hawkin's eloquent and impassioned prose demonstrates, Mary's attributes as a figurehead of God's grace and purity merge well with the metaphorical inclosed garden in the *Song of Songs*. The imagery of the garden—both of the Marian *hortus conclusus* and of Eden—was not restricted to the page, either, but found itself fully realized in physical space in the context of medieval monastic gardens.

Christianity arrived in Shakespeare's homeland in 597A.D. with the personage of St. Augustine, who established the religion there as well as the first monastery near Canterbury.[10] The rapid spread of Christianity was made possible by continental monks, who brought to England with them their traditions of gardening. The modern conception of medieval gardening is drawn from two sources: the first a plan for an idealized Carolingian monastery, created in Switzerland in 816 and known as the St. Gall monastery plan. The

second is a mid-ninth century poem entitled simply *Hortulus*, or "little garden," written by a monk named Walafrid Strabo. The passion Strabo's poem conveys for gardening is so great as to be almost unmonkly, but his enthusiasm implies a belief in gardening as an almost divine practice—a way to come closer to God through his creation. The St. Gall plan implies that gardening in monastic communities was stringently controlled, and the aesthetic consideration given to garden design (if any was given at all) was meant to construct an austere Edenic appearance, so that monks who contemplate on such spaces would be drawn closer to the heavenly Paradise. Such intentions were often conveyed by means of numerology. For example, in the St. Gall plan, the thirteen trees in the orchard evokes the memory of Christ and his twelve apostles, while the fourteen burial plots (twice seven), each capable of holding seven bodies, brings to mind the number that according to Augustus expressed "the wholeness and completeness of all things," this being the same number of days it took God to create the universe.[11] These garden spaces were cloistered too, emphasizing the monks' isolationist lifestyle as well as connecting such spaces with Eden and the Marian *hortus conclusus*.

England came under Islamic influence around the turn of the millennium thanks to the Norman conquest; in 1064 William of Acquitaine sent thousands of Moorish prisoners to places throughout Europe, including England, where they brought many of their skills to bear—including that of garden design.[12] While both the English monks and the Islamic gardeners were after the same goal—to create a space evocative of paradise—the Islamic peoples went about the task with a great deal more ostentation and enthusiasm. Marco Polo records the sight of such a Persian garden during his journey to China, made in the 1260s: "The sheik set out a garden 'planted with all the finest fruits in the world', and with 'four conduits, one flowing with wine, one with milk, one with honey, and one with water. There were fair ladies there...and he gave his men to understand that this was Paradise.'"[13] The Moors came from an Islamic culture of splendid garden landscapes, the original paradise gardens that surpassed the austere monastic gardens in grandeur and beauty. Monastic gardens soon began to display quadrangular divi-

sions, water features, and central focal points—all Islamic influences. Moreover, stemming from the luxurious gardens of the Moors came a resurgence in interest in the garden as a place of delight and leisure. Gardens began appearing around the estates of the wealthy, heralding the advent of chamomile seats, trellises, and the revival of topiary (practiced in the Roman times as well). Labyrinths, the precursors to the extremely popular Elizabethan knot gardens, appeared.

The pleasure gardens of the late medieval period is immortalized by Guillaume de Lorris, a Frenchman who wrote his *Roman de la Rose*—the Romance of the Rose—around 1240. Guillaume claimed that the book encompassed "all the art of love," possibly referencing Andreas Capellanus' *de Amore* as his source;[14] he made the manuscript a gift to the lady of his heart.[15] It was partially translated into English by none other than Geoffrey Chaucer in 1400, and enjoyed great popularity in both Britain and the continent. The story is told by the narrator who, in dreaming, encounters an immense walled pleasure garden: let in by Lady Idleness, as depicted in Figure 1.3, the dreamer wanders through a place filled with exotic trees, clear springs, various fauna, and scented herbs until he finds himself by the fountain of Narcissus. Gazing into the water, he perceives the reflection of a rosebud. He is at that moment shot by the god of love, and falls in love with the young flower. Encountering both encouragement and opposition from the garden denizens, who include Mirth, Fair Welcome, as well as Daunger, Shame, and Dread, the dreamer eventually makes his way to the rosebud and Venus grants him one kiss. The dreamer is then driven from the garden by Jealousy, who also imprisons the rosebud in a strong fortress. Here de Lorris left his poem, unfinished.[16]

Despite its truncated end, the poem de Lorris authored and the rise of other medieval pleasure gardens revolutionized the way the traditional *hortus conclusus* and even the Garden of Eden were perceived, as illustrated in Figure 1.4. In a painting entitled "The Garden of Eden" sits Mary, her child, and six other holy men and women—even a withered and cantankerous little monkey-man who represents Satan, powerless in this particular garden. The title is perhaps meant to remind one of the theologic train of thought

that holds that Mary is the second paradise, the second Eden, this one untouched by the hereditary curse of original sin. The garden is rich with flowers, most of them in some way symbolic of the Virgin, and the evidence of the pursuit of luxury and pleasure lay about: a book, a lyre, food and drink from a clear spring. The denizens of the painting are locked in pleasant conversation. The plants are all those associated with the Virgin Mary. This is the traditional *hortus conclusus*, but revised in the light of an emerging garden design.

The Capulet orchard bears kinship to all of these gardens. The most obvious uniting element is that they are all cloistered. Shakespeare takes some pains to emphasis this: some of Juliet's first words to Romeo are spoken in surprise at a Montague's intrusion into Capulet territory: "How came thou hither, tell me, and wherefore? / The orchard walls are high and hard to climb, / And the place death, considering who thou art / If any of my kinsmen find thee here."[17] Romeo responds: "With love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls,"[18] and that response is reminiscent of the dreamer's entrance into the garden in *The Romance of the Rose*. Just as Romeo finds his way into the garden through love's sponsorship, so it is Lady Mirth that grants the dreamer entrance into her garden of delight. The imagery of wings also summons up the association with air and wind, and the metaphor wends its way back to the passage from the *Song of Songs*, where the north and south winds only are capable of breaching the secure walls of the garden.

The orchard's walls are physicalization of the strife between the two warring families of the play. When Romeo surmounts a literal wall, he also oversteps the boundary that hate has traced between the Montagues and the Capulet. In entering the orchard, he rejects the his name and offers to be "new-baptized"[19]—an offer to create a new identity for himself in order that he might be with Juliet. This concept of renaming oneself is at its heart a process of creation and re-creation that again links the orchard with Eden, the scene of original creation—and original naming.[20] The *King James Study Bible* reports that "the act of naming...shows lordship or domination."[21] That Romeo rejects his name at Juliet's behest is an act of submission on his behalf, one which elevates her to an almost divine level,

allowing her to rename him: "Call me but love...henceforth I will never be Romeo."[22] She reciprocates his adoration later in the scene when she asks that he swear his love by his own self "which is the god of my idolatry."[23] Deified in each other's eyes, the two lovers create an illusion of an enclosed paradise in the orchard. This creates a self-sustaining environment similar to the intent of St. Gall. It is a garden that shuts out the harsh realities of the world, as occurs in the *Romance of the Rose*, where the carved figures of Felony, Villany, Hate, and other such undesirables ornament the outside of the garden wall.[24] Isolated together, Romeo and Juliet might well proclaim themselves the masters of their microcosmic Eden. But once outside the walls, the lovers are subject to the whims and desires of their superiors and enemies.

Throughout the orchard scenes, of which there are four, the destruction of the illusion that the lovers create in the cloistered orchard—one of aloneness and liberty in the universe—is always imminent but never achieved, a threat continually refreshed in the frequent calls of the Nurse from within the house. Never achieved, that is, until the fourth scene that takes place on the balcony. The fifth scene of the third act of the play contains the moment that the two lovers are parted, the night after they consummate their marriage.

Romeo's departure is immediately followed by the entrance of Juliet's parents, and their intrusion into that sacred space brings with it the ruin of Juliet's last remnants of happiness as they give her news of her marriage to Paris. Juliet's faux sense of freedom is shattered, the god of her idolatry has deserted her, and even her marriage, originally contrived in the garden, is within sight of its own undoing. The cloistered garden is compromised, and the lovers' destruction is imminent.

The cloistered garden is compromised in more ways than one. The second meaning of the cloistered orchard is intimated clearly enough by the *Song of Solomon* and the *hortus conclusus*: the orchard is symbolic of Juliet's virginity. Juliet's maidenhead means more than a lack of sexual experience. Her virginity, as in the case of the *hortus conclusus*, is indicative of her purity, her innocence, her naivete. In the

beginning of the play, marriage was an honor that Juliet "dreamed not of."[25] To her, love was something rational, something she could control, something driven by her own will and not by fate. When she answers her mother with ""I'll look to like, if looking liking move / But no more deep will I endart mine eye / Than your consent gives strength to make it fly,"[26] she refers to a traditional belief that love entered through the eyes and made its way to the heart—the very phenomenon that causes the dreamer of *The Romance of the Rose* to fall in love with his rosebud. When Juliet promises Lady Capulet that she will temper her affection in accordance with her mother's will, she reveals a deep naivete about the nature of the love that later befalls her in the play, a love which makes her rash, impetuous, and foolhardy, a love which defies reason and resolve. When Romeo climbs the orchard walls, he completely disrupts her innocent approach to love. Despite her answer to her mother, within an hour of meeting Romeo, Juliet is thinking of nothing but matrimony: "If that thy bent of love be honourable, / Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow."[27] Though Juliet is cautious in the face of this newfound, powerful emotion,[28] the way she suffers in tearing herself away belies her rational action. It would appear that Juliet dismisses Romeo in order to see whether subsequent meetings proved likewise delightful, yet the next time Juliet and Romeo meet is to marry. The reason that Juliet sends Romeo away now, then, is apparent: she is afraid of losing control of her reason, and of losing her maidenhead to him.

Romeo puts into Juliet's head thoughts of sex that the girl, not yet fourteen, seems not to have considered before, but now embraces eagerly. On her wedding night, her words open the scene with a phrase that seems to echo the *Song of Solomon*: her imperative "Gallop apace you fiery footed steeds...and bring in cloudy night immediately"[29] is an echo of the command "Awake, O north wind, and come, thou south...let my beloved come to his garden."[30] Juliet seems to have completely transformed from the shy and retiring, innocent girl of the beginning of the play as she fervently pleads: "Come, civil night, / Thou sober-suited matron, and learn me how to lose a winning match / Played for a pair of stainless maidenhoods."[31] She does not suffer any apprehension for her wedding night, but

is rather transformed and elated by the prospect. The waters of her libido, her "well of living waters"[32] are in full flow: "My bounty is as boundless as the sea, / My love as deep."[33] The closing words of the *Song of Solomon* verse might as well be her own: "Let my beloved come into his garden and eat his pleasant fruits."[34] Her naivete, her innocence, are supplanted by a new and impassioned yearning for conjugal knowledge—a trade that reflects the sacrifice of the original parents.

Juliet's newfound eagerness comes as no surprise: the orchard seems to have awakened the senses of both lovers. In this sense it again resembles the medieval pleasure gardens, full of such plants meant to delight the body and the mind. Guillaume de Lorris fills *The Romance of the Rose* full of plants, listing off literally dozens of trees, herbs, and flowers. Even in the simple task of describing the god of love's floral attire, he finds himself overwhelmed: "There lakkide no flour, to my dom / Ne nought so mych as flour of brom / Ne violete, ne eke pervynke, / Ne flour noon that man can on thynke."[35] The inundation of the dreamer's senses seems paralleled in the play as the lovers become more absorbed with each other. Juliet appears to Romeo as light,[36] and he seems more affected by the sight of her than by anything else. This is no surprise, considering the afore-mentioned belief that love entered through the eyes. Romeo seems as suddenly and irreversibly afflicted as the dreamer's in the *Romance of the Rose*: "That thorough myn ye unto myn herte / The takel smot, and depe it went."[37] The dreamer is actually shot three times—Love was very emphatic—first by the regular love-shaft, and then twice more by arrows called Courtesy and Simplicity. This rendered him a subject of courtly love—and this is a major difference between he and Romeo. As Erica Theckston notes, the dreamer of the *Romance of the Rose* falls into pursuit of a certain self-image, not a woman: "The woman, like the Rose, is secondary to the dance, the sport, the crusade of love."[38] Romeo more closely matches the dreamer when he is enamored of Rosalind, where his tired Petrachan verse and melancholy manner intimates that he is more in love with love than with Rosalind. When he meets Juliet, the transition is marked: Romeo is wholly absorbed by the woman

herself, and throws proper procedure to the wind, wooing in haste and wedding at the earliest possible moment, such is his love and lust for this woman.

Sight is not the only sense heightened in the orchard. Juliet's recognition of Romeo in II.ii stems from the sound of his voice: "My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words of thy tongues uttering / And yet I know the sound."[39] Romeo comments on how love changes the sound of a voice: "How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night / Like softest music to attending ears."[40] Touch, too, is mentioned, as Romeo gazes at Juliet from cover of darkness and longs to be a glove upon his lady's hand so that he "might touch that cheek."[41] Juliet employs the smell of a rose as she petitions Romeo to change his name.[42] As the senses are enlivened, so the verse of the lovers seems to follow as their dialogue gains passion and a united rhythm as they continue speaking, communicating love by building sonnet after sonnet together.

The quote that began this essay is the end of the fourth chapter of the *Song of Solomon*. It leaves the reader to share with the Shulamite maiden in expectation of the consummation of her marriage—just as in the second scene of the third act of *Romeo and Juliet*, although the tone of this scene, played in the wake of Tybalt's death, is considerably more somber. The first verse of the next chapter reads: "I am come into my garden, my sister, my spouse."[43] And in that simple statement, the reader knows that the walls of the cloistered garden have come down. The sentence is as simple as the sight of Romeo and Juliet entering at the window of her balcony in act three, scene five, after their wedding night. The existence of an orchard of pomegranates described by Solomon is echoed by Juliet as she points out the 'nightengale' singing in a pomegranate tree in her own orchard.[44] Henry Hawkins compares the nightengale to the Virgin Mary in her constant song,[45] which he relates to Mary's Magnificat.[46] It is not impossible to conclude that the replacement of the nightengale's song with the lark's indicates an end to Juliet's virgin status. Birds and pomegranates appear in the orchard of the *Rose* too, a full dell of pomegranates, and birds that sing so beautifully that they sound like sirens.[47] The reference to sirens is appropriate to Shakespeare's

scene as well, as Romeo proclaims, in the face of Juliet's sadness, "Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death. / I am content, so thou wilt have it so."[48] Romeo himself, for a moment, seems all too close to becoming the bird he wished to be in II.ii, the bird Juliet would kill with much cherishing.[49] But Juliet overcomes her adverse desires, and Romeo departs. This is their last scene together in the orchard, and it immediately precedes the entrance of Juliet's parents and the subsequent ruin of their private paradise.

By examining the themes brought to light in the Capulet orchard of *Romeo and Juliet* through comparing them with themes presented by other gardens—real or imagined—that were known to the early moderners, information is illuminated in a new and revealing fashion. Character traits such as Juliet's chastity and Romeo's shift in intent as a lover are emphasized. The theme of religion that runs throughout the play are here brought to fruition in the light of a comparison to the *hortus conclusus* and to Eden. Even the play's ending, where both lovers come to death in a last effort to recover the Paradise of each other's presence, resounds with the punishment of the original Parents. Having gone too far in their quest for knowledge—whether of love or of good and evil—the two find death to be the consequence of their actions.

Figure 1.1: Central Panel from "Triptych with the Virgin and Child in an Enclosed garden." Stefan Lochner, 1445-1450.

Figure 1.2: An illustration from Henry Hawkins' Parthenia sacra from 1633, depicting an enclosed garden as an allegory for the Virgin Mary.

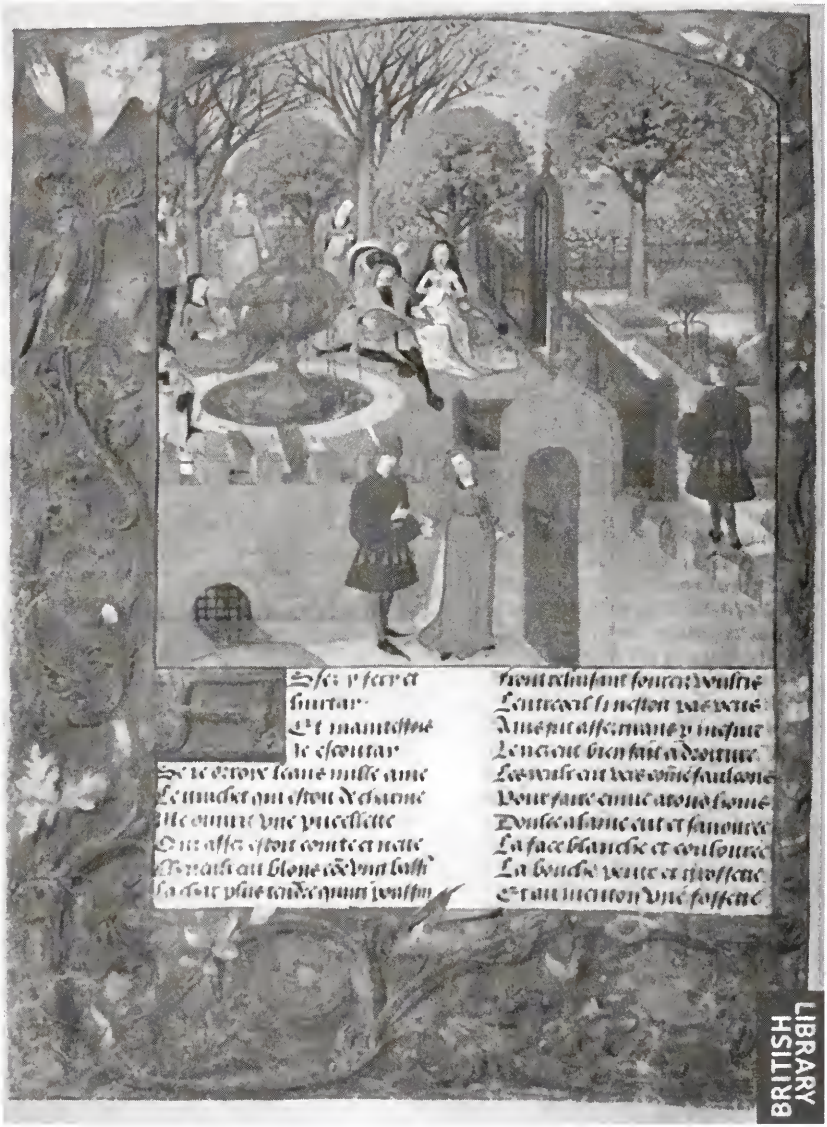

Figure 1.3: A Flemish illumination from *The Romance of the Rose*, c.1485. Two scenes are depicted: Lady Idleness admitting the dreamer to the garden, and the dreamer having entered the garden.

Figure 1.4: "The Garden of Eden," Unknown master, 1410.

End Notes

1. The iconographic film version, directed by Franco Zefferelli in 1963, is a sterling example.
2. Terry Comito, *The Idea of the Garden in the Renaissance* (Sussex: Harvester Press, 1979), 92.
3. *The King James Study Bible*. Brindle, Wayne et al, ed. (Nashville: Thomas Nelson Publishers, 1988), 1011.
4. Ibid.
5. Ibid., Genesis 3:24.
6. Henry Hawkins, *Parthenia Sacra*. (Rouen: John Cousturier, 1633), 14. Early English Books Online, http://gateway.proquest.com/openurl?ctx_ver=Z39.88-2003&res_id=xri:eebo&rft_id=xri:eebo:citation:99839628
7. Ibid., 12-13.
8. The Holy Spirit is arguably referenced as the Spirit of God, or the breath of God, both featured in the creation story: see Genesis 1:2 and Genesis 2:7.
9. Ibid., 15.
10. Richard Bisgrove, *The English Garden* (London: Butler and Tanner, 1990), 9.
11. Lorna Price, *The Plan of the St. Gall Monastery in Brief* (Los Angeles: University of California Berkeley, 1982), 67.
12. Bisgrove, *The English Garden,* 15.
13. Christopher Thacker, *The History of Gardens* (Los Angeles: University of California, 1979), 31.
14. Michael Delahoyte, "The Romance of the Rose." *Washington State University*, http://www.wsu.edu/~delahoyd/medieval/rose.html
15. Geoffrey Chaucer, "Romaunt of the Rose." *The Riverside Chaucer*, third edition, Larry D. Benson, ed. (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1987), 685.
16. Guillaume left the poem unfinished at line 4058. An anonymous author supplied a quick 78-line ending, but later in the century Jean de Meun took up the poem, expanding themes and metaphors to complete the story, which eventually ends on line 21,780 (Delahoyde, Chaucer 685-6).

17. William Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, T.J.B. Spenser, ed. (New York: Penguin, 1967), II.ii.61-65.
18. Ibid., II.ii.66.
19. Ibid., II.ii.50.
20. *King James Study Bible,* Genesis 2:19.
21. Ibid., 11.
22. Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, II.ii.50-51.
23. Ibid., II.ii.114.
24. Chaucer, "Romaunt of the Rose," 688-692, lines 147-478.
25. Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet,* I.iii.67.
26. Ibid., I.iii.98-100.
27. Ibid., II.ii.143-44.
28. Ibid., II.ii.126.
29. Ibid., III.ii.1, 4.
30. *King James Study Bible*, Song of Solomon 4:16.
31. Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, III.ii.10-12.
32. *King James Study Bible*, Song of Songs 4:15.
33. Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet,* II.ii.133-34.
34. *King James Study Bible*, Song of Songs 4:15.
35. Chaucer, "Romaunt of the Rose," 696, lines 901-904.
36. Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, I.v.44, II.ii.2, II.ii.19-21.
37. Chaucer, "Romaunt of the Rose," 705, lines 1728-29.
38. Erica Theckston, "Medieval/Renaissance Studies: Writing Sample," *Washington State University,* http://www.wsu.edu/~delahoyd/medieval/writing.sample1.html
39. Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, II.ii.59.
40. Ibid., II.ii.165-66.
41. Ibid., II.ii.25.
42. Ibid., II.ii.43-44.
43. *King James Study Bible*, Song of Songs 5:1.
44. Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, III.v.4.
45. Hawkins, *Parthenia Sacra*, 145.
46. *King James Study Bible*, Luke 1:46-55.
47. Chaucer, "Romaunt of the Rose," 701, line 1356; also 694, lines 670-684
48. Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet,* III.v.17-18
49. Ibid., III.v.184

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Franz Josef

EMMA SOVICH

Between the rain enveloping us
and the clouds weighing down
upon the rocky shoulders of the valley,
Franz Josef loomed, a deceptive sprawl
of dirt-streaked ice. We swam

in our layers of clothing, sloshing
through stone and stream to attain
its ponderous foot. Our guide
ascended a stairway between its toes,
and we clambered behind, encumbered

by inexperience. The valley's detritus,
earthy toe-lint, granted us easier passage;
later, each step was slick with freeze.
Climbing was dependent upon weight,
a whole body thrown into the iron talons

of a boot. Our path wound with the wrinkles.
We gazed up past chiseled seracs
arrowhead sharp, to the marbled clouds
licking the silhouetted ridges of the alps.
Higher, finger bridges stretched

across crevasses as deep as thought;
few looked down until safe on the edge.
The stairs melted into raw glacier
and we thumped along crevasse
bottoms created by tumbled

snow men heads. We breathed blue,
atmospheric azure that exhaled
from the dense walls, carved
undulations formed of melt-waters.
The rain faded, and gradually

the sun pierced veins in the grey sky,
and the valley below swelled with light,
light that slipped along our footsteps,
pooling into the glacial heart; we swam
from compact cobalt into gelid gold.

FOSTERING A HAVEN FOR THE ARTS

An Excerpt From a Conversation
Witnessed on April 17th, 2006 From 12:06 to 12:57 p.m. at V—'s Café in C--, New York as Transcribed by Ben Kozlowski

BENJAMIN KOZLOWSKI

LEONARD? Leonard, it's so good to see you!

Excuse me?

Leonard? Leonard...Dorstein? It's me, Dennis! We were in college together. We roomed together for a semester...don't you remember?

Dennis? Why, yes! You were in that philosophy class my sophomore year—the one that made me an English major!

That's the one!

God, Dennis, what did you end up doing with yourself? I haven't seen you in years!

After I graduated, I didn't think I'd ever see you again either—

I didn't even think about you for I don't know how long...what have you been doing?

Writing, as always.

I knew it. I knew when you graduated that you were going to go and become some famous writer, with all that poetry you did.

I'd hardly call myself famous, much less a "writer"...

It doesn't matter. Can I sit down?

May I... Sorry, I've become something of a stickler for good grammar. Of course you can sit down—God, you must think me a damned sociopath, sitting here alone with my gin and my notebook.

Are you kidding? That's just how I recognized you. Sitting there with your notebook in that mammoth overcoat...is that the same one you had in college?

Yes, I guess it is...I've been a little short on funds and I haven't been able to get a new one.

Stop kidding yourself. That was like your trademark in college! You always looked like one of those guys who would shoot up those high schools back then.

I...

Not that anyone thought that about you...probably nobody but me...

Don't worry about it. I likely did, though I never thought about it that way.

I'm sorry.

Don't worry about it. I just…

…didn't understand?

No…I was just…it was a surprisingly strong image.

I have a knack for saying the wrong thing.

No—not the *wrong* thing—you just speak what's on your mind, right off. I admired that about you. Now. What did you end up doing after college?

I kept on with the programming, and I found a job with a big name developer in Seattle.

And here I am, sitting like a shmuck with my alcohol and my writing, convinced for all the world I'm Whitman reborn, and you've become Bill Gates.

No, it's not like that.

No, you've got your life together, and you're moving on into big things: I'm just living in the past.

Trust me, my job is hardly "big things," much less "getting my life together."

At least you've got a salary. And a suit and tie? I should be wearing a suit and tie to work every day. I should get off my ass and do something productive. I should start looking for a career instead of "just another thing to tide me over."

No. Stop.

I should get my act together.

You know I don't get the word "should."

Excuse me?

"Should." People throw it around all the time without even thinking about what it means. You know, when you're programming, you have to write "if" statements explicitly: *if* this condition is true, *then* perform the following action. I feel like "should" must be talked about explicitly, too.

What do you mean?

When people say "I should do this," what they mean to say is "I should do this *if* I want a certain thing to happen." But instead they assume that there's this big, important, all-powerful *they* that says exactly what a person *should* and *should not* be doing.

Then I *should* get my act together *if* I want to get a decent job and...buy a new overcoat.

What's wrong with the one you have?

It's not the overcoat...it's everything.

Hey, it's better than being a corporate lapdog. I *should* quit my job and become a writer *if* I ever want to get out from under the thumb of "Infosystems America." See? Should—if.

And I thought I was a stickler for grammar.

It's all this programming. Lines of code are like sentences, but every word is a specific command. If one letter is off, the whole program doesn't work. *If, else, or, and, for, while*: they all have very specific meanings. If I don't use them properly, then my computer has no idea what I'm talking about.

Sounds like a post-modernist, your computer.

Post-modernist?

There's this movement in literature since the sixties and seventies —or maybe it's been since *Tristram Shandy*—or even earlier than that. Whatever—post-modernism. All these writers believe that you can't communicate with language, and they prove it by writing all this garbage that doesn't mean anything except to themselves. And they call them great writers.

Well I can prove that wrong.

Really?

Sure.

You're a lot more confident than anybody else who has stepped up to that argument. Shoot.

If I type a line of code on one computer, and that computer knows the language I'm using, then it will respond in exactly the same way as any other computer will respond, if it knows the language. Which means that the message has been communicated in the same way, and has been understood the same way.

Yes, but the argument is more complicated than that.

But it *is* a strong argument?

As strong as any other I've stumbled across. The problem is that it doesn't help writers. Writers try to communicate much more complex ideas than simple commands that computers process directly into action. *Something* has been communicated, yes, but the strength of a post-modernist's argument lies in your subject. People are not

inflexible. They don't understand everything the same way. When I say dog, a different image of a dog springs to my mind than to yours. If I try to share an experience I've had with you—real or imaginary—it's hard if you've never had the same experience, or worse, if you've had a similar experience and immediately interpret my meaning to fit your particular case.

Yeah, that is troublesome.

So since everyone has different experience, they can't possibly share anything derived from experience. And since people can't write creatively except by drawing on their own experience in some way, communication is impossible.

Well, then maybe we're talking about two different kinds of communication.

You mean like computer programming and artistic communication?

No, it's more than just programming. Maybe there's a difference between precise and artistic communication.

I think the post-modernists would argue that neither is reliable.

Wait. We agreed that computer coding is reliable, right?

Alright, I'll give you that.

And mathematics—you can't argue that it's a universal, *precise,* and effective form of communication.

Okay.

Then certainly there are simple commands that are universal, so long as the language is understood.

Put down your glass.

What?

Put down your glass.

Okay.

Not on the table, on the floor.

You didn't say to put my glass on the floor.

I didn't say to put it on the table, either.

That was clever—

No, keep arguing, flesh it out. Now that we know we can't trust language, we have to get to why. Why did you put the glass on the table?

I assumed that's what you meant when you said "put down the glass."

Why?

Because it would be stupid to put my glass on the floor where I couldn't reach it when we've been keeping our glasses on the table up until now.

Right. Which means that it's dependent on the situation.

Right.

But that's the problem. Your situation is different from mine, according to the post-modernists. It's simplistic, but if I tell you to put down your glass and expect you to put it on the table, and you put

it on the floor because all your life you've been told by your parents, schooling, culture, or whatever that you should put your glass on the floor even when there's a table right in front of you, then a miscommunication has occurred. I assume you know what a table is, according to *my* definition. I assume you know its uses, according to *my* experience of the uses of a table. I assume you'll use the same reasoning that I would, based on *my* cultural upbringing, and that *you* will act the same way *I* would in the situation.

But the problem isn't what you said—it's what you didn't say. If you had said "put it down on the table" then—

You could have put it on a different table—

This table...

On the edge, where it would fall off...

Alright, I get it, but that's not the point. I didn't misinterpret your words—I misinterpreted your assumptions. That's different. Since you didn't specify where to put the glass, I was fulfilling your instruction no matter where I put it down. If you had prevented every precaution—if you had said "put the glass down here, on this table, toward the center so it couldn't fall off the table—it doesn't matter whether you put it on a coaster or not, so long as it doesn't tip off the coaster and spill liquid—and for that matter, put it with the opening upward so the liquid doesn't fall out—

You sound like Congress.

Exactly what I mean! That's precise communication! A law is only effective if it either doesn't have to be specified—you assume the guy will put the glass on the table correctly—or after it has made arrangements for every possible precaution—you tell the guy not to put it on the edge of the table—and everybody gets it and it can be held up in court and everything.

So you're saying that Congressional law is an example of effective communication?

It's an example of the problem of precise communication. The problem in precise communication is that people often leave out much of what needs to be said in order to be precise. That's why it's unreliable, not because of any misunderstanding in the words themselves.

Do you really think that it's possible to allow for *every* misinterpretation, though? I could talk for hours about how to put your glass on the table, but if you were shrewd enough (or stupid enough) you could find a way to put it down differently than I had meant. What if language itself doesn't have a precise way of saying it?

Then that's the fault of language, but not communication. If I told a computer to put an object with a certain orientation in a certain point in space, it couldn't possibly misinterpret what I said. If I said the same thing to a person, and they understood the same measurements and layout of the room according to points, then they would put the glass exactly the way I wanted them to. Anything you can tell a computer, you can tell a human being and get the same results, because a computer starts with no experience or presuppositions.

Alright. I'll give you that, then. If you gave me coordinates on the table, graphed out the whole thing beforehand, and I understood the system you were using...

I'm saying communication is *possible*. Not easy, maybe, but possible. Precise language is about exacts, quantitative things. Like I said, anything you could tell a computer. But in what you're talking about—artistic communication—well, I'm not even sure what you mean by that.

Well, if precise communication is all about directions, or like you said, the "quantitative" descriptions of things, artistic communication is about expressing emotions, or relating experiences that cannot be

quantitatively explained. Even the communication of thoughts.

Things you *can't* tell a computer.

Unless computers become a lot more complicated in the near future, no. Or at least not that a computer would understand or value. But the kind of things that writers do. If artistic communication is not possible, then all the poets, novelists, and story-writers are foolish to keep trying.

Do you believe that communication is possible?

Personally? ...I don't know anymore. Like I said, the post-moderns give a strong case. I don't know exactly what is going on in the minds of my readers when they read my work. I only kind of hope they get what I'm trying to say.

Well, then maybe what we need to do first is define what we mean by artistic communication—exactly.

You mean "precisely"?

...No. No, I don't think so. Artistic communication... I think the only way it could be defined precisely is by saying "two words, the first *this* many letters, starting with an 'a'...

Then we can't even come up with the definition without already knowing what artistic communication is.

Yeah...

Well apparently definition is a part of artistic communication.

Like you said – communication of thought.

But we can't do it unless we already know it's possible.

Right.

Then let's get at it a different way.

When you were talking about the precision of language, I swear, the poet in me was getting ready to jump out and throttle you, even though I was the one making you come to that conclusion.

The precision of language?

Yes, like the congressional law-speech. Or computer programming language. Precision of language is all well and good, because it gets to the point where it can cover every possible misinterpretation, like what you said about coordinates and orientation of the glass on the table, under your system of organization, but there's also something really important about the ambiguity of language.

Isn't that the problem? The ambiguity of language? The whole thing about things not being said? Isn't that the problem that your post-modernists have with compared experience and all?

Yes, but let me finish. Some of the greatest poetry ever written is intentionally ambiguous. You know the term *double entendre*? Shakespeare used it all the time. It's all over irony, even in the Bible for God's sake! It's having a phrase or a sentence that could mean two things simultaneously.

Isn't that a bad thing?

Not always. I mean, sure, most of the time it's a bad thing—you don't want people to misunderstand you when you are asking directions or the time, but when Oscar Wilde ends a play by having a character tell his Aunt how important it is to be Earnest, after winning the heart of a young lady by posing as his friend, Ernest, it's hilarious—artistically beautiful!

For comedy, then.

But more than that. Have you ever heard of the *Tao Te Ching*? Besides the Bible, it has been translated more times than any other book. Do you know why? Because of the *ambiguity* of the language. The poetry is beautiful, the imagery unique, and there are passages that can mean any of a hundred things, because every character in the original Chinese could mean potentially dozens of things in English.

But that's just the problem—miscommunication. If nobody knows what the author means, then how can the point be communicated?

But we don't know what artistic communication is. There's obviously a difference between precise communication and artistic communication, and artistic communication allows for these ambiguities, and in fact revels in them.

Then you've got it wrong. Artistic communication isn't about conveying experience.

It is, but it's different than that.

Alright, now you aren't making any sense.

Wait. No. Take this for an example.

Take what?

Our conversation.

Now you don't get my point, right?

I get that you think ambiguity can be beautiful in artistic communication.

Right.

But I don't get how ambiguity can actually help the communication of experience or thoughts.

Okay, but what else could you get about our conversation?

What do you mean?

Think of the way I was acting—the way I was telling you about ambiguity.

You seemed kind of angry about it.

Angry?

Not angry...excited.

Passionate?

Yes.

Exactly.

Wait—what?

I was trying to tell you what I thought, right? And I couldn't really figure out, myself, what I wanted to say to convince you...But you knew that I wanted to convince you, right?

Yeah, *that* was obvious.

Right. So some kind of communication occurred, even though neither of us were talking about it explicitly.

Wait, so you're saying that artistic communication is about communicating something that you're not actually communicating?

Sort of like that. It's what you want to communicate, but it isn't anything the same as precise communication, where you tell a person explicitly, quantitatively, what you want to tell them. A lot of the time it's in how you communicate, the style and the procedure, more than the words and their meanings themselves.

Okaaay…

Alright, you're not getting it.

No, not really.

How did I know that?

Because of the look on my face, I'd guess.

It's sort of like that. If that "okay" was just written, or said limply, as "okay" then anyone would have figured you understood and didn't have a problem. But you didn't. It took the *way* you said it, and the expression on your face to communicate that you didn't understand what I meant.

But that's body language.

It's the same thing. If I write "okay" like this, with one "a," then it's just an affirmative. But if I write it with three, and then an ellipsis like this…then it looks like you're not quite sure of yourself.

Okay, I get that.

Good.

But it's still not really that conducive to communicating experience. What about all that stuff that the post-modernists say about how people come from different experiences and interpret things in different ways?

Well, let's expand the metaphor.

What metaphor?

The metaphor of our conversation.

Alright.

Let's pretend that you and I are two characters in a novel, or better yet, a philosophical dialogue, since this seems to be about what this conversation sounds like. You walk in, see me sitting here with my notebook and my gin, and you greet me. I don't recognize you at first, so I hem and haw a bit, then finally greet you warmly, too. What—from that alone—can you tell about our relationship?

Well, since you don't recognize me, I could assume that we haven't seen each other in a while, or at least that I've changed the way I look or something, but that we knew each other pretty well, before.

Right. So if I'm a writer, writing a dialogue with two characters, an exchange like that establishes the things you just said, even though I may not say them explicitly. I don't think either of us mentioned that we were in college together—

I think I did, when I started.

Maybe you did—I wasn't really paying that much attention.

Well, that's nice of you.

It doesn't matter. What matters is that there's this whole emotion that is invoked in people, this recognition of brotherhood, reacquaintance, familiarity—all because of the way you greet me and the way I return the greeting. I never have to explicitly tell the reader that I don't recognize you—they get that from the *way* my character speaks.

What if they don't? What if they never went to college?

Then it's still that familiarity, that brotherhood.

But you aren't communicating exactly what you mean in that case.

But I'm not trying to, either. At that point, that early on in the dialogue, it doesn't matter whether the reader knows that you helped break me of a gambling addiction and I helped you pass your distribution classes so you could get your Computer Science major—that's not important. That might come in later in the dialogue, after the two characters are already established, in order to add background to their relationship, how close the two of them are. At that point, right at the beginning, all you want to do is provide the raw material—that brotherhood—and let the reader fill in all the gaps.

But that means that you assume some things about what the reader is going to think—to some degree, there is a comparison of experience. What if some African native read your book, straight out of some undiscovered tribe, completely unaware of American customs? He wouldn't get the same feeling of brotherhood from the exchange.

Well that's similar to your argument about precise language—the first assumption you make is that the person you are communicating with understands your system of organization and coordinates. If the African man doesn't understand American customs, then he is not a part of the audience I can appeal to. If I'm incorrect, then you are incorrect, too.

I don't know. Maybe we are both wrong. Think about it. My system of organization—your customs—those are really big things to assume.

But both of them can be learned.

Yes, but what about the education—wouldn't it be biased? Who do you put in charge of educating the African person about tribal customs? A college professor? Or someone from off the streets in the Bronx? They aren't about to demonstrate the same things.

You're starting to quibble. Look at your example. Computers. They all run the same way because they communicate the exact same way. They don't bring experience to the table: experience which could bias or sway their interpretation. If computers can understand input in exactly the same way, then the same processes can be taught to people, like you said before. And even though customs can't be taught in exactly the same systematic fashion, they can be observed and learned without an educator.

But that's just what the post-modernists are arguing, aren't they? Everyone will learn those customs and experiences differently. Every one of them will understand those specific experiences that you talk about in your poems or books according to their own experience, not to the experience you, as the writer, are drawing from. Their conclusions will inevitably be different from the conclusions you intend to convey.

Artistic communication isn't trying to achieve that specific a conveyance—artists draw on what people already know, their personal experience, in order to get them from places familiar to them to places unfamiliar to them. Go back to our example of this conversation. Remember when you said I looked like one of those disgruntled high school students?

Unfortunately…

Well, how could that be interpreted? Maybe the author intended it to be awkward, to demonstrate how the character often speaks before they think, while also presenting a strong image of how I

look. But the author doesn't think about it all that specifically. He's reporting something that he observes happening. If the reader comes away with an image of the character as clumsily forthright, or as overly bawdy, or insensitive—

I really didn't mean to sound like a jerk.

I only mean it as an example—I really don't have a problem. It just shocked me is all.

Alright.

A reader could just as easily think I'm insensitive or even cruel for bringing it back up this late in the dialogue.

Can we just get on with it?

Anyway, the point is that any of those interpretations, no matter how far they deviate from the author's original idea of the character, are positive interpretations as far as the author is concerned. He just presents the character in precise—though not infallibly precise—detail, and expects the reader to make his—

...or her...

...own judgments. Maybe that's the difference between precise and artistic communication. Precise communication eliminates participation by the hearer: artistic communication depends on it. Precise communication assumes that the listener will make every possible mistake, and takes every step to prevent that. But artistic communication, by doing the opposite and depending on the listener's experience—different or otherwise—inspires *similar* conclusions, rather than *identical* conclusions. I'd even go so far to say that some artists don't believe a similar conclusion is the goal, but seeks instead to inspire others to their own analysis and interpretation based on what the author has presented. To put it bluntly: precise communication

seeks to keep people from thinking; artistic communication seeks to inspire people to think.

That sounds a little harsh.

Like you said—they are different forms of communication, each with different goals. Sure, the way I said it seems a little biased, but it's one way to look at it.

To make me think about it?

Right.

Then I would propose a restatement of what I said before. Precise communication is exact, and artistic communication is ambiguous.

And that biases it the other way.

But is still true.

From a certain point of view.

Then what about all of the communication that doesn't fall into either of these two categories? Certainly mathematical notation and computer programming languages are examples of precise communication, and poetry an example of artistic, but what about news articles or political commentary, or non-fiction books?

It depends on the goal. News articles intend to portray precise information—that's why you find statistics and direct quotes.

Even though people accuse the media of being biased?

Either way, it's trying to inform, not inspire. It's goal is to leave the reader as little work as possible to access information, even if that information is being delivered to serve a purpose or promote an

agenda. Political commentary is usually the same thing—promoting an agenda of some sort, convincing the reader of one or the other way of thinking.

What about philosophical writing—after all, this is all just a philosophical dialogue, right?

I'm not really sure—I think that philosophers are two-faced in that respect. They promote their way of thinking, but they do it all in the name of the pursuit of knowledge.

Then it's the bridge, maybe?

I don't know about that. What philosophers I've read get very particular about how their work is understood, which suggests that their design is precise.

But it's all because of a quest to know more, right? "Love of knowledge?"

Again, it's hard to say. I wouldn't say that philosophy is a bridge, as much as it has a foot in each camp. It tries to convince, yes, but it tries to explore and understand, too.

Then I suppose it is an unresolved issue?

What about this conversation has resolved anything? We haven't proven the post-modernists wrong, we've just redefined communication in terms of intent. We still haven't proven whether or not it's possible.

Precise communication is possible. Artistic communication is different.

Is that resolution?

Depends on your definition of resolution.

God, I'm glad I'm just a poet…

WHITBY

LINDSAY LUSBY

The chimneys with their smokestacks
like upside-down sky-octopi

dispelling their black clouds of ink-soot
at the approach of an outsider.

Oh, city by the winter sea,
with your snow-spotted gulls

and their calls like creaking doors.
I can see your red-tiled roofs

from the cliffs of Cleveland Way,
their fish scale layers.

No longer the white-washed settlement
the Vikings found when they came uninvited

from the East, then named
and claimed it for their own.

Monsters and Martyrs:
Writing, Subversion, and Torture in Three Contemporary Plays

LIAM DALEY

Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors and the truth!
- Titus Andronicus, IV.i. 75-76

In today's entertainment climate it seems we are constantly bombarded by material intended to give offence. One prevailing philosophy holds, the more controversial the better. But how are we expected to react to a book, or a poem, or a play that makes us genuinely uncomfortable? Are there any real limits to acceptability of subject matter? And how are we expected to respond to a writer whose work is seen to threaten the public welfare? Three contemporary plays, Wallace Shawn's *The Designated Mourner* (1995), Doug Wright's *Quills* (1995), and Martin McDonagh's *The Pillowman* (2003) address precisely these questions. Each play follows the career of a subversive writer who is tortured

and eventually killed at the hands of a society intent on suppressing his writing.

The Designated Mourner concerns Howard, the leader of group of urban literary elite in a not too distant future. It is narrated, for the most part, by Howard's carping, self-proclaimed "low-brow" son-in-law, Jack. Moved by his class's barbaric treatment of a disenfranchised majority, Howard distances himself from his family and composes sensitive, morally outraged poetry. In *Quills*, a fictionalized account of the Marquis de Sade's final years in the Charenton Lunatic Asylum, the Marquis persists in writing violent, anti-establishment pornography despite the best efforts of the asylum's administration, and a battle of wills ensues. *The Pillowman*, set in a fictional, unspecified totalitarian state, presumably somewhere in Eastern Europe, depicts the struggles of Katurian Katurian, a young writer who is called in for police interrogation when a series of real-life child murders bear resemblance to the morbid content of his stories.

This essay addresses the texts along three lines. First, the development of each particular world outlook and writing styles, and the circumstances leading to their subsequent suppression. Second, the nature of and duty of art, as represented by these writers. And finally the repercussions both of the art and its censorship.

I

In all three cases, each of our three writers is born into a position of privilege and security. They witness atrocious cruelty and injustice but are not the victims of it themselves. In his youth, Howard, as we are left to gather from the fragmented information provided in the narration, leaves the security of his immediate social circle, becomes involved with a young "dirt-eater" woman, as he styles the members of the lower class, and writes an essay entitle "The Enemy" decrying the decadence of his own social class. The government, usually inclined to make an example of such writers, ignores Howard's work rather than punish, as Jack puts it, "the wayward son of one of their own." Howard also quickly increases his odds of survival by abandoning the clarity and order or non-fiction prose, for the subtleties of poetry, a change, as his daughter Judy points out, "which meant

that the charming little gang who lead our country never read what he wrote," and that most of them weren't even intelligent enough to fully understand what he was saying.[1]

The Marquis, of course, also comes from an aristocratic background. Because he had already been committed to a mental institution when the Terror descended on Paris in 1793, he survived the systematic execution of his entire social order. He is, however, able to watch the "endless parade to the chopping block," through his cell window.[2] And though the stage directions inform us that his "ruffles are somewhat worn" his still carries himself with just as much dignity as though his class still ruled France, with periwig still "elaborately coiffed."[3]

As for Katurian, he was born to a pair of well-to-do, intellectually inclined parents who nurtured his creative abilities as a child, in both conventional and unconventional ways. His writing principally developed between the ages of seven and fourteen, partly as the result of the sounds of a small child being tortured in the next room every night.

> [His stories] got better and better due to all the love and encouragement, as is often the case, and they got darker and darker due to the constant sound of child-torture, as is also often the case. [4]

For years he trusted his parents assertion that he was simply imagining the sounds, but he eventually discovered the child was indeed real, and in fact his own brother Michal, hitherto unknown. At this point, Katurian murders both his parents, then he and Michal escape out into the world where they manage to sustain a small, dingy existence while Katurian still works on his stories.

The implication in all three cases is that the writers need a certain level of comfort and security if they are to function artistically, but must also experience human suffering if their writing is to have any depth. And because the most immediate topic at their disposal is so particularly horrifying, it follows that their writings are subsequently skewed and seditious. Nudged by innate skill and inexplicable artistic inclination towards writing, (as opposed to painting, or any other art form) their validity as a writer is ultimately fueled by

their horror to their surroundings. Katurian by his parents abuse of his brother, Howard by his class's abuse of a downtrodden majority, and the Marquis by the savage cruelty in himself and the people around him.

But in order for the subversion to generate dramatic conflict, the plays also demand the presence of an authority figure to react against the writers. Howard is only sheltered by his family and his intellectual inscrutability for so long. Ironically, once the "dirt eaters" that he defended, rise up and seize control, his work is regarded with even greater suspicion and hostility, simply *because* of its intellectualism. Similarly, in the tense aftermath of an earlier revolution, the overseers of Charenton Asylum are in easy position (so they think) to monitor and censure the Marquis writings. Additionally, the asylum's humanitarian chief administrator, Abbé de Coulmier, and calculating chief physician, Dr. Royer-Collard, are under particular pressure from the Emperor Napoleon to curb the tide of pornography that has been eking out of their confines. Within the context of *The Pillowman's* "totalitarian fucking dictatorship" as Detective Tupulsky puts it, Katurian has to be reassured that "given certain restrictions," and "the security of the general whatever-you-call-it" he is even allowed to write stories at all.[5] This atmosphere of tense uncertainty is subtly compounded by an nervousness concerning other subjects, such as reading a particular magazine or regularly passing through "the Jewish quarter", which, while not explicitly illegal, are cause for suspicion and potential hostility.[6]

The next question to arise, then, is how do these artists react in the face of this adversity? Howard simply continues to write and live as if he were in no danger at all. There is nothing to stop him from fleeing after the shift in power, as intellectuals have been prone to do throughout history. But he ignores the impending danger and is imprisoned and later killed. Katurian, once he realizes that execution is inescapable, arranges a deal that will preserve his stories, even if he cannot save his own life. But *Quills* ultimately addresses the issue most directly. In response to every restriction presented by his keepers, the Marquis discovers progressively more inventive and horrible ways to thwart them. They remove his paper and quills; he writes

in wine on a bed sheet. They remove his sheets and his food; he writes on his clothes in his own blood. And so on. "The censor," as Doug Wright points out, "has always been the artist's most reliable muse."[7]

Wright relates a story from his childhood in which a class project, a painting of Perseus decapitating Medusa, was excluded from the school's art display at parents night because of it's gory explicitness. Rather than feeling hurt, or indignant, he writes,

> On the contrary, I felt a surge of adrenaline. My painting was beyond artful. Why? It was *forbidden*! [...] I find myself still chasing that illicit rush every time I sit down to write. [8]

The inspiration for *Quills*, according to that same source, also came in part from a dispute between North Carolina Senator Jesse Helms and a certain art gallery displaying an exhibition of the works of photographer Robert Mapplethorpe. In condemning the display, the Senator brought it more success and notoriety than the show could have ever hoped for without it.[9] "In conditions of adversity," declares the Marquis, "the artist thrives!" [10]

The inevitable outcome is an utmost necessity to write. The Marquis describes writing as "involuntary, like the beating of my heart. My constant erection!" [11] Even Jack, *The Designated Mourner*'s champion of low-brow culture is hard pressed to deny it the necessity of stories. He recalls how a certain man he once knew and disliked "used to say how stories were even 'more necessary than food.' I *hated* that. But you know what, its true.

II

But if these stories are so paramountly necessary, what function do they serve? What precise need to they fulfill? There is much internal debate throughout each play as to the value and purpose of these stories. What are they actually doing? What, in fact, should they be doing?

Morality is invariably the first issue to arise. In *Designated Mourner,* it is reviewed at length, and in *Quills*, to borrow the words of one critic, as "in *The Magic Flute*, and *Alice in Wonderland*, everyone mor-

alizes at the drop of the hat."[13] What is the roll of morality in writing? What ought it to be?

Each of our three writers takes a distinctly different position on morality in their writing. Howard is essentially writing from a moral perspective, the Marquis from an immoral perspective, and Katurian from an amoral perspective. Howard clearly is writing as the result of a particular sense of moral outrage at the piggishness and anti-intellectualism of his class. Whether or not anyone can actually understand what he has written is another matter. The Marquis's writing is immoral, strictly in the sense that it promotes a philosophy of self-interest and delight in the misery of others. As such, it somewhat unavoidably demonstrates the basic, conventional definition of immorality in Western society. In that sense, he is immoral, though Doug Wright has described the Marquis as actually being highly moral, since he maintains a strong set of principles, writing and acting according to his convictions.[14] And when phrased in this manner, how much more can really be asked of the Marquis?

Katurian, similarly, is not amoral in the sense of being personally indifferent to child torture. Rather, his stories are seemingly amoral in that they do not take a position on the subject, neither approving of nor denouncing the issue, but simply presenting the information. The question of right or wrong is never much of an issue until the material leaves the page.

So if morality is not the purpose, what is? Rather than necessarily arrive at some kind of ethical conclusion, each of these writers strives to realize some kind of significant *truth* in their writing. The stories are neither religious, nor political, but simply literature.[15] Katurian's stories may have no immediate moral message, but authentically reflect the world as he has experienced it. The Marquis, though his stories are implausibly overwrought and unlikely, express the great truths, as he sees them. "We eat, we shit, we kill, and we die."[16] This is essentially the same thing that Howard is saying, ultimately, though of course he laments of the fact.

As a result, all three of them believe that their work is extremely worthwhile, even noble. This is really the only effective response to the charges that an artistic work is too *unpleasant* to exist. For indeed, "if we are to hear no wickedness, history must be done away with."[17]

Madeleine, the young laundress in *Quills* demonstrates this with the offhanded remark that she enjoys the Marquis's stories, but is appalled by the accounts of the recent Terror, which are "too barbaric to be enjoyable."[18] Even Samuel Johnson, who so strongly reacted against "instances of cruelty too savage and shocking" to appear on stage has acknowledged that, "a play in which the wicked prosper and the virtuous miscarry, may doubtless be good because it is a just representation of the common events of human life." [19] The works may not be real, but they are true, and as such, artistically valid.

Each writer is very much aware of his position, so to speak, as Author with a capital A. Each writer's works are the product of *his own* brain, and the result of *his own* clever insight into the world. This ability to construct these literary works places him, in reality or in his own mind, in a distinctive, elite group overlooking the rest of humanity. Howard, of course, the sensitive social issues poet, is leader of a prominent literary circle, a kind of a pre-eminent public intellectual. And the Marquis, perhaps not surprisingly, is especially smug about his position as Author. The simple fact that he has put the words to paper infuses them with a certain level of artistic credibility. This distinction does not apply to everyone, mind you, just him.

Even Katurian, who bends over backwards to prove the unwriterlyness of his work, establishes himself as the Author more than any of the others. He insists that his stories have no themes,[20] that he "doesn't really go for that 'esque' sort of stuff," he tells us,[21] that he doesn't even read the magazine in which is work is published,[22] and tells repeatedly tells everyone who will listen the first and only "duty of a story teller is to tell a story." [23] A story, he tells us, doesn't have to mean any thing, so long as it holds our interest. And indeed, many of Katurian's stories, despite their engaging style and thought provoking nature, suggest no immediate meaning. The same has often been said of McDonagh's earlier plays.

It may be difficult not to read Katurian as McDonagh, especially considering that Katurian's stories are based on McDonagh's own unpublished juvenilia.[24] Much of Katurian's rhetoric on the subject of writing is the same as well. But of course, while Katurian is similar to McDonagh, they are not precisely the same. And it would be foolish to read Katurian as McDonagh, just as we cannot read

Wright's Marquis as the real Donatien Alphonse Francois de Sade who died in nineteenth century France. McDonagh is too sophisticated a writer to subscribe to Katurian's protests-too-much declarations. *The Pillowman* tells a story, but of course has *meaning* as well. And if Katurian is willing to sacrifice his own life for his stories, as well as his brother's, ("If they came to me right now and said 'We're going to burn two out of the three of you—you, your brother, or your stories,' I'd have them burn you first, I'd have them burn me second, and I'd have it be the stories they saved." [25]) we must assume that he believes they mean something as well.

In the end, the Marquis assessment of his work, that subject matter has no bearing on artistic validity, ultimately endorsed by all three plays. The very fact that they have penned them makes them art. Whether the works are good art or bad art is not fundamentally the point. The works have changed from mere thought into form and are therefore significant. This, of course, is what leads to conflict. On the one side, stands the artist. *Here is my creation*, he says. *It is valid.* On the other side, stands the authority figure. *Valid or not*, he says, *is an irrelevant question. Your work is causing problems, it must be destroyed.* And therein lies the source of the action.

But of course, in saying that, he only proves the writer correct. If the work was not significant in some way, there would be no need to suppress it. This is exactly the illicit rush of gratification that Wright refers to. It relies fundamentally on acknowledgement and recognition. "We like executing writers." Tupulsky informs Katurian. "Dimwits we can execute any day. And we do. But, you execute a writer, it sends out a signal, y'know?" And then, after a pause. "I don't know what signal it sends out, that's not really my area, but it sends out a signal."[26] This immediately relates to the issue of consequences.

III

On *Quills*, Wright remarks, "Obviously the play trumpets free speech, but – in its best productions – it posits some uncomfortable conservative truths as well: If art has the power to educate and even ennoble us, can't it also corrupt?" [27] At this point, as much is clear.

Absolutely it can. The question is how do we approach it when it does? Is the depravity inspired by questionable art worse than the ugliness and brutality of censorship? And for that matter, does censorship generate more depravity by giving the censored work, as Wright points out, a level of allure, even credibility that it would never have possessed if freely and openly exhibited?

The writers in these plays are forced to face the consequences of real crime generated by their writing, when the violence is turned on innocent people, and on themselves. When Bouchon, an inmate at Charenton, reenacts one of the Marquis's stories on the young laundress Madeleine, the Marquis is blamed. When Michal, in his tragically damaged state, hears Katurian's stories and interprets their existence as valid reason to perform them on innocent children, Katurian is blamed. When the Dirt Eaters, with whom Howard sympathized, seize control, Howard, in part, is blamed. In all three cases, the authorities try to establish a connection between the real life circumstance and the artist who first recorded it on the page.

But this was never a question to any of the writers. There was never any doubt as to whether or not the stories were to be actualized, if the events were strictly intended to remain on the page. They essentially agree with Havel's observation that:

> A mad theatrical performance by a group of fanatics is part of cultural pluralism, and as such, helps expand the realm of freedom without posing a threat to anyone. A mad performance by a fanatical politician can plunge millions into endless calamity.[28]

The one is acceptable, the other is not. These writers fail to deal with the reality that some people are simply not equipped to handle their compositions. Michal is characterized with the words "backward" and "spastic" by the policemen, and "just a child" by Katurian.[29] The Marquis himself is frequently characterized as a petulant child.[30] But after the murder, it is Bouchon, we are informed who "is not a man, but an overgrown child." [31] As the doctor explains it, "We mustn't blame Bouchon. If he possessed restraint... conscience... morality... he'd have no need of us, would he?"[32] This of course begs the immediate question, that if the Doctor were aware of Bouchon

need for his care, why then was he able to achieve the murder in the first place, regardless of where he found his inspiration? By that same line of logic, one might argue that the true tragedy of *Pillowman* lies not in Katurian's failures as a writer, but as a brother.

In any case, the writers are quick to deflect these attacks. "Suppose" the Marquis retorts, "one of your precious wards had attempted to walk on water and drown? Would you condemn the Bible? [...] Am I to be responsible for actions of every half-wit here? [...] Am I to tailor my writing for imbeciles?" [33] As soon as Michal confesses, Katurian immediately shifts the blame from himself, abandoning his previous, child-like characterization of his brother, and calling him a "sadistic, retarded fucking pervert who enjoys killing little kids, and even if every story I ever wrote was the sweetest thing imaginable, the outcome'd still be the fucking same." Michal counters "Well . . . well we'll never know, will we, 'cos you never did." [34]

Incidentally, Katurian's treatment of Michal actually constitutes the most barbaric form of torture actually seen on stage at any point in the play. While awaiting execution, Michal tells him that at least they can meet again in Heaven. Katurian, whose works implicitly argue against the concept of an afterlife, tells him:

> Do you want to know where you're going to go when you die? [...] You're going to a little room in a little house in a little forest, and for the rest of your life you're going to be looked after by a person called Mum, and a person called Dad, and they're going to look after you in the same way they always looked after you, except this time I'm not going to be around to rescue you, 'cos I ain't going to the same place you're going, 'cos I never butchered any little fucking kids.[35]

Michal, not surprisingly, is unspeakably devastated. Katurian knows exactly what kind of damage he will inflict.

But while the writers have to deal with the repercussions of their work, those in authority are forced to deal with the writers. And if these plays show anything, they show how external censorship and suppression pose a far greater danger to society than any work of art.

The real beauty of *Quills* is that the more the Dr. Royer-Collard and the Abbé de Coulmier try to suppress the Marquis, the more they come to resemble him. Eventually, they prove themselves equally foul minded, ferreting out hidden, indecent double-meanings when the Marquis finally presents them with an innocuous tale concerning, of all things, a tailor engaged to dress a young bride for her wedding.

> ROYER-COLLARD: I can almost see the two of them. Marie, all dewy and pink in her crinolines. The tailor, measuring tape in hand, pulling it taught across her heaving breasts . . .
>
> COULMIER: Does the Marquis provide such a description?
>
> ROYER-COLLARD: Oh, no. He's become far to skilled for that. . . . We're forced to supply our own salacious detail. [36]

At this point, the doctor has, as Congreve says, "blackened the thoughts with his own smut,"[37] quite independently of the Marquis. But more alarmingly, in trying to hinder the Marquis's composition, they begin by removing his tongue, then his hands,[38] then hacking away at him, bit by bit, until he is eventually decapitated. They enact the very stories that they were trying to prevent from being written. "Your actions against my husband," the Marquis's wife explains, "exceeded his prose." [39] And ironically, by the end, the Abbé has come to enjoy it.

> Though repulsed, I was fueled by the necessity of my actions. And my horror hardened into resolve. [...] I no longer averted my gaze. One box, then two. With austere ceremony, the butcher filled each tiny tomb with tissue and bone. From deep within my core, a quiver. A jolt. [...] A certain . . . satisfaction . . .[40]

The Abbé unwittingly comes to embrace the very ideology he once despised. And so the Marquis has won. He is dead, but not beaten.

The Marquis, as his wife puts it, "turns from monster to martyr" overnight. He is vindicated, she informs Royer-Collard, because "he has received such atrocious treatment at your hands." [41] And so, not

only have his oppressors come to practice and embrace the philosophy they once tried to suppress, they have fallen victim to it as well. "It's one of life's cruel ironies, I suppose," his wife continues, "that success for one must always come at the price of another." [42] This, of course, is what the Marquis has said throughout the entire work. Finally, in order, to save the asylum from financial ruin, they are forced to publish and sell the Marquis's works. "A limited edition. The obsessive patients will set the type, the listless ones can do the binding." [43] And so, in the end Marquis wins. His victory over Royer-Collard and Coulmier is inescapable.

As such, *Quills* has a comic ending. It is ironic and gratifying, whereas *Designated Mourner* end is tragic and despairing. In *Quills*, the writers legacy is secured, and society remains unscathed. But in *Designated Mourner*, the writer is destroyed by a society he helped to create, to the immeasurable loss of that same society. With all of the intellectuals executed, Jack observes, there is now not a single person left alive, for instance, who can still read John Donne.[44] Howard cannot feel the loss because he is dead, but society is unaware that they have even lost anything at all. Jack, the only human who is aware of it, is almost indifferent.

The Pillowman also ends "in fashionably downbeat mode,"[45] but McDonagh provides a small ray of hope. Katurian's stories will be safely boxed up along with his case file, to "remain unopened for fifty odd years"[46] Though Katurian dies, his stories survive. And so he gets his wish. And we are left with a sense that all the suffering was worthwhile. That in fact the existence of art *justifies* human suffering.

Doug Wright has written that *Quills* demands the questions, "What happens to a toxic mind when it is denied purgation? Do we pay a higher price when we repress its expression?" These works indeed beg those questions. But they also answer them amply, as well. And the answers are "no good" and "yes" respectively.

End Notes

1. *The Designated Mourner*, pg 17.
2. *Quills*, pg 192.
3. Ibid, pg 171.
4. *The Pillowman*, pg 32.
5. Ibid., pg 7.
6. Ibid., pg. 14.
7. Wright, Doug, "Wilful Misbehaviour," pg xx.
8. Ibid, pg xi
9. Ibid, pg xix.
10. *Quills*, pg 203.
11. Ibid, pg 193.
12. *The Designated Mourner*, pg 9.
13. Forman, Sir Dennis, *A Night at the Opera*, pg 409.
14. Dough Wright, "Wilful Misbehaviour" pg. xi
15. *Quills*, pg 190.
16. Ibid, pg 191..
17. Scalager, Julius Caesar. "Poetics" pg 142.
18. Quills, pg 218.
19. Johnson, Samuel, "General Observations on King Lear"417.
20. *The Pillowman*, pg 16.
21. Ibid., pg 18.
22. Ibid., pg 20.
23. Ibid., pg 7.
24. Bilderback, Walter, "The Storyteller" pg 2.
25. *The Pillowman*, pg 53.
26. Ibid., pg. 30.
27. "Willful Misbehavior" pg xx.
28. Havel, Válclav. "On Evasive Thinking" pg. 13
29. *The Pillowman*, pg 9 and 25.
30. *Quills*, pg 177 and 181.
31. Ibid., pg 224.
32. Ibid., pg 221.
33. *Quills*, pg 223-24.
34. *Pillowman*, pg 51.

35. Ibid., pg 57-58.
36. *Quills,* pg 234.
37. Congreve, William. *Amendments*, pg 514.
38. See *Titus Andronicus* Act II, Scene iv
39. *Quills*, pg 248.
40. Ibid., pg 241.
41. Ibid., pg 248.
42. Ibid., pg 51.
43. Ibid., pg 255
44. *Designated Mourner,* pg 99.
45. *Pillowman*, pg 103.
46. Ibid., pg 104.

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Free-verse based on a Greek Myth
Echo and Narcissus

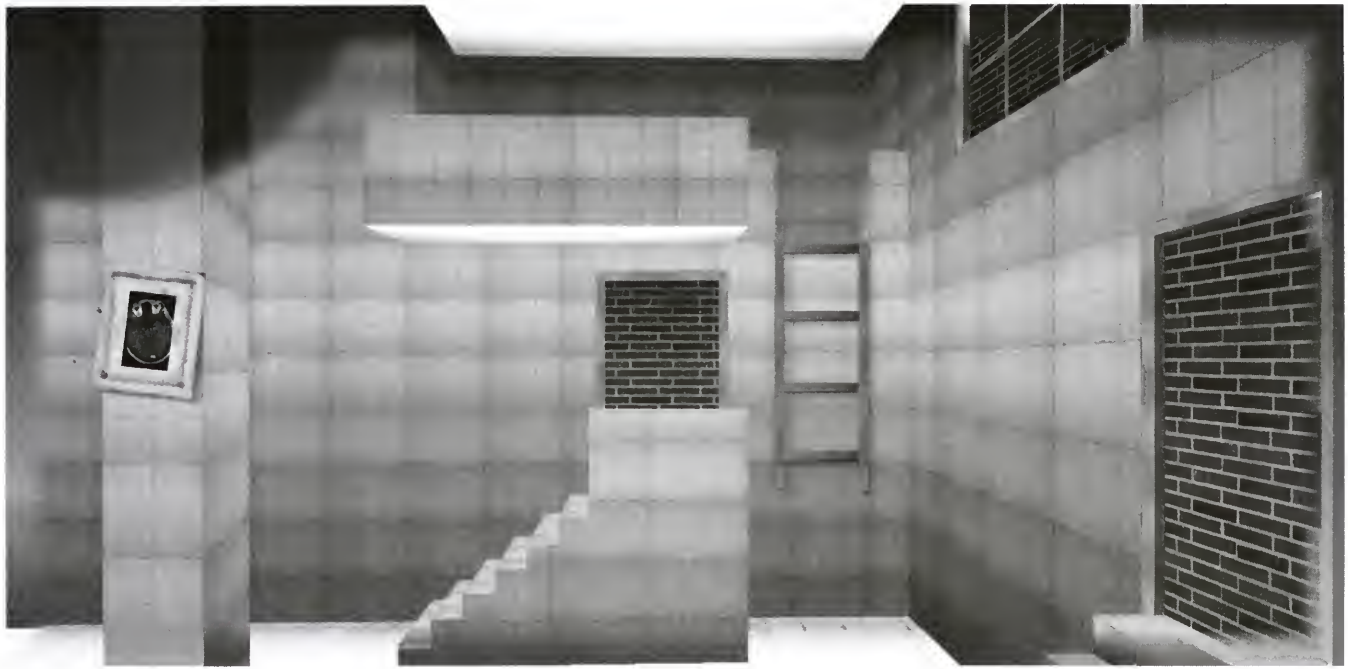
ALYSE BENSEL

Forgotten

Lilting voice, reborn
Only when the avengers' amusement
(Prudishness never satisfies)
Causes him, walking by, to call out
And for her to answer.

Too late came the voice when
Artemis, who punishes senseless life lost,
listened to the
pleas of Ameinius
and bound the selfish to his fate,
Loves unquenched, never pitied—

If only for a voice
to remain and
the blood-soaked robes to wear.



VISION 2

JOSH BURKHART

Yowzers

MICHAEL McGRATH

MY EX-GIRLFRIEND'S LAWYER weighs at least three hundred pounds and I watch him as he begins the process of hauling himself out of a black Mercedes coupe. A leg emerges, a foot sets down, a flash of black sock and white skin. The calf muscle strains visibly beneath his gray wool pants. As his second leg joins the other on the parking lot pavement and the weight begins to shift, the car leans towards him and then releases and snaps back abruptly as he raises himself out and stands straight up, breathing heavily. He bends down again and fiddles with a lever and the driver's seat pops forwards and he roots around in the back seat, retrieving a briefcase that he sets on the roof of the car as he leans against it. He dips a hand into his jacket pocket, pulls out a handkerchief and wipes his forehead and the back of his neck. The door slams and he takes long, heavy strides towards the entrance of the restaurant where we have agreed to meet. Seeing him struggle to get out of the car had put me at ease almost as much as the drink I was swishing in my mouth and struggling to swallow. The margaritas

at this steak house chain are laughably large, almost trash can size, and I had gotten here an hour before our appointed meeting time to get in a few rounds before any business began. And then there was the lawyer's car, a pitiful box of shiny black that had a stubby back and a grill like a doped zoo panther. While both the drinks and the car were inappropriate, only one of them did not fit their owner.

At first I had laughed but now, as he took purposeful strides while looking straight ahead and no longer sweating, I noticed how well he carried his bulk, and how his suit seemed tailored and flowing and snug in places that caught your eye, like the bicep that flexes as he swings his briefcase forwards. I licked the rim of my glass and found no salt, only a dried spit, the kind that forms when you are nervous and tipsy in a well lighted family restaurant, faced with what looks a linebacker carrying highly sensitive legal documents; proof. Suddenly the bottom of my glass came too quickly and I hurried to catch the waitress' attention before the lawyer came in and saw the table I has chosen, which was now littered with straw wrappers, the beginnings of a smoked cigarette, two empty salad bowl-sized frozen cocktails, a handful of crayons, and a number of paper placemats all scribbled out after I failed to find a way out of the maze in the bottom left corner and so instead had drawn lewd cartoons, some depicting his client in various poses and stages of undress.

In truth I still felt sick about the break-in and the lawn, almost thirty hours later. The weight over my head each day had become thicker and darker and took much longer to dissolve each night. This cloud of consequence hovered over me, with questions like thunderclaps and accusations like thin, purple, summer lightening. I am not sure how quickly she had found out, but by the time I remembered I had a message on my phone from an unknown number and after staring at the phone for over an hour I pressed the button and listened to a man named Mark describe the situation and invite me to lunch at Yowzer's, the steak house that sat on the high end, closer to the mall, of the same strip where my restaurant was located. Mark is her cousin, and a lawyer, and he has papers that he wants to give me. He has something to tell me, he said in the message, and it was best done face to face.

I remembered the restraining order, highlighted and pink-tabbed, that I found in her bedroom, and I thought again of the twin globes that were now our worlds, spinning away from each other. The waitress came and removed the drinks, leaving a fresh one, and I brushed everything else into the corner seat of my side of the tall wooden booth. The door closed with a bounce and a thud and Mark filled the foyer. The hostess podium barely reached his waist and a hanging light swayed just over his head. He nodded at an approaching girl and made his way towards me, squeezing between the row of booths and the square, free standing tables. He hit one and everything rattled. He seemed to be gaining momentum as he grew closer.

"Mark," he says, and I don't stand up, just gesture with my hand towards his side of the booth. My head feels swollen but even on its worse day it could not compete with his, which popped from his neck like a medicine ball. His skin was clear but pebbled, like canvas. He laid both arms on the table, which bowed to his weight, and a large gold watch protruded from the sleeve on his left wrist. His tie was knotted up and his top button was done, and even though his jaw was like a trough, not an inch of fat slipped out and hung over his starched collar.

SportsCenter plays above the bar across the room and I pretend to watch it for a moment. When I turn to face him, his eyes are cold and clear. He continues staring at me while I search for the straw without touching it. I'm afraid to look down at the toxic green drink, and I miss it twice before I snag its distended and bending tip with the corner of my mouth. I squeeze my eyes tightly and pull hard on the straw until my ears begin to pop and my mouth fills. I swallow the drink too quickly and a freeze rushes up and seizes my brain but I cannot make a show of it, I cannot wrinkle my forehead or shake my head violently or rub my temples with sweaty palms, so I stare at his pinstripes, which become a blur.

He speaks without clearing his throat or moving at all. His eyes continue to be aimed at me, and the pressure increases. "From what I understand you're a good guy. Fucked up, but mainly harmless. She used to like you, she told me, and didn't think twice about you until

she came home the other day, found her place all busted up and her shit thrown around. You got something to say about that?"

"Not too much," I say, the words slinking out. I'm not sure about how this is supposed to go, how official it is. It is clear that I did all this but I haven't told anybody about it. I haven't called a lawyer or asked Guy or brought it up to my parents. Based on legal thrillers I have read and watched, I figure an admission of guilt here couldn't be used against me, but he could reach his hand across the table and pick me up by my neck until my eyes bloomed cartoonishly and I gurgled an apology or wound up dead with my purple, salty lips stuck to the placemat.

"I just wanted to talk to her. Wanted her to let her know something."

He nods. "I should tell you that if I thought for a second that you would hurt her or try any of this again, I will tell her father, my brother, and there are two more of us just waiting for the word. I was sent because my profession, and my size, can be intimidating, but you should know that I could be a librarian and I would still not think twice about making you hurt. In fact, one of her uncles, my brother, teaches fifth grade special ed. He's about your size, maybe an inch or two shorter. And he's the craziest one of all. He just called me, when I was on my way over here, and he is raring to go."

He takes a sip of water and waves off the waitress. "He's the youngest of the four of us, and by far the smallest. Imagine what he had to go through, growing up. Took a lot of hell, you can bet. As a result he became heavily involved in martial arts, the weird kind that you have to go abroad for and they fight with sharpened sticks. I can't pronounce it, too many consonants, like something caught in your throat. Anyways, you're lucky I persuaded him. I said, 'Bro, let me try it my way, just this once.' He agreed." He pauses and flexes his shoulders. "Reluctantly."

The waitress tries again and this time he smiles and is charming, polite. I order another drink and ask for some Pepto-Bismol. Mark has other ideas.

"This is the place with the contest, am I right? I thought I saw that out on the strip. How big is that steak?"

The waitress, my age with an even but overdone tan and heavily concealed acne on her jaw line, sways towards Mark's bulk and holds her pad up to her small chest.

"The Yowzer's Porterhouse Challenge is seventy-two ounces and comes with free sides and free refills of any soft drink or domestic draft. If you finish it, the steak is also free, otherwise," she takes a breath, "it's $55.99."

"Sixty bucks—that must be a big steak."

"It is, um, it's almost two inches thick, cooked anyway you like it, and..." She taps her foot for a moment and brings her pen to her pursed lips. "Oh, right, and we take your picture and it goes up by the bar."

She does a little hop and keeps the pen to her lips while Mark considers and I am wondering why he wants to prolong this meeting. Show me the paper work, I am thinking, let me find some loop holes. Offer me thousands to never talk to her again, I think, and for a moment my spirits lift, until I remember that fathers only do that when their daughters want the guy. I have to piss suddenly but I don't know if that's allowed. I can tell our waitress knows that this is not a happy meeting, despite Mark's smiles and contest considerations, but I don't want to make any sudden moves and have him erupt out of his seat and tackle me, knocking her down in the process. She has almost completely ignored me, and she was visibly revolted when I placed my "food" order, but I have a single shred of dignity left that I do not want to concede, and as long as I can hold this gallon of rapidly melting margarita in my body until Mark decides what to feed on, that shred will be safe.

"We'll both have a go at it," Mark tells her, and she looks at me, wide-eyed and suspicious. I know I have no choice in the matter and Mark is looking down at me while I chew ice and nod to the girl. She walks away and Mark follows her with his eyes before they fall back on me. They have softened just slightly.

"Ever tried this before? Thought it might be fun. It's free, billed to the firm. You need that vitality, that red, animal blood. Plus, we can talk business while they fry them up. The table's shaking. Gotta take a leak? Go ahead. I don't think either one of us has been able to fit through a window for a while now."

Standing before the urinal I feel more emasculated than usual and because there is somebody to my left and this bathroom does not have dividers between urinals I make a big show of shaking my legs when I'm done and sticking my ass out while I pull up on my zipper. My body is dulled down slightly but there are thin waves of pain that radiate through my appendages. I imagine one of the plasma spheres you see at smoke shops or at Epcot Center, those orbs where you touch the outer plastic and a purple shock of electricity greets you. I imagine a scientist with hair standing straight up, *Back to the Future*, a slight burning smell. I imagine the orb in the center of my body, pulsing outwards, tingling my fingertips and rising rapidly to my brainstem. I wash my hands for a long time, if only as an excuse.

When I slide back into our booth Mark is on his first complimentary draft and the frozen mug is half empty, with platelets of ice sliding down its front. I notice a class ring struggling against a thick pink finger and I wonder how much we have in common, how far apart we really are. He sees me looking—for a big guy he doesn't miss much, and we talk about schools for a few minutes, then he tells me about playing football at University of Virginia. He hurt his shoulder, found a fraternity, got thrown out for a semester after wearing a racially insensitive Halloween costume.

"Now every year, the NAACP gets a check from me. A big one. See how it's done? Growing up? It's not that hard." His briefcase comes out onto the table. It is a glossy black with gold hinges. He fiddles with the combination quickly and then pops the case open with two strong thumbs. It sounds like a gun loading and I jump a bit in my seat and what's left of Mark's beer shimmies.

"So here is what we have to talk about. Pretty simple stuff. You don't have to tell me shit, just nod your head like that and then do exactly what I say. First off, she is *dis-a-poin-ted in you*, kid. How do you think this feels, being twenty-one years old, afraid to do things because of some pervert you made the mistake of dating, what, like a year ago? What might have seemed simply delusional, or borderline cute, like cute-in-a-movie-but-not-real-life, has now turned into harassment, plain and simple. Not to mention the breaking and

entering, the," he checks a page within a crisp file, "oh, right, the defiling of the washroom, the stolen property..." he places his right thumb and forefinger at the top of his nose and then spreads them out, rubbing his eyes at their corners. Meanwhile I try to remember if I stole anything besides toilet paper and a drink of water from the faucet on my way out.

I retrace my steps from when I placed the court documents back in her night table, and closed it almost all the way, the way I found it, and then I straightened out the comforter and the pillows I had disturbed, and flipped the pillows when necessary, and then I sprayed just a tiny cloud of her perfume onto my wrist—that can't be what he's referring to—and then I walked down the stairs, pulled to the left, and headed towards the back door, the way I had come in, which I examined, again, for damage. The flimsy lock had been pushed through the door and the wood had splintered, but beyond that everything looked normal. If I had still been her boyfriend I would have left a note telling her to get a better lock. And then, as I was looking at the wood and wondering whether I could glue it somehow, I remember I glanced up and saw her face in the window pane of the door, staring past me towards the back yard. I made eye contact with her and turned around and saw a photo, back from maybe ninth grade, wearing a quizzical expression and a sports uniform. The photo was large, maybe twenty by twenty-four, and her eyes were central, her eyes and her cheeks and her smile, and now I remembered staring at her, seeing myself in the glass, in her home, in her eyes, and then I remember breaking the glass, ripping the picture from its frame and tearing it apart but keeping the pieces.

He begins again, his eyes a bit redder, sadder. "So like I said, it's a short document, it's got four points that we presented to the judge while we made our case. You know, that we fear immediate harm to her if something isn't issued, that she is in the right and has done nothing wrong, and that this could just be the tip of the iceberg, got it? Here it is signed, by her, by me, and by Your Honor here, making this good for ten days. Now, we didn't have to tell you any of this. See here, where it says 'No Notice'? We didn't have to let you in on any of this shit, but I wanted to, because otherwise, you pull this shit

again, and you're looking at jail time, and she says you've already been there and you don't want to go back."

I see her loopy writing and the judge's official script and a seal of approval somewhere, the first one I've ever gotten and it is not for me, it's for her and now he turns the page and there's more, there's details, and I imagine the court stenographer, jaded as hell but maybe still trying to imagine me, conned by my youth as she hears about two crazy kids, or one crazy kid and another one who wants to move on. The details are obvious; no coming near her or her family or her home, within one hundred yards, and no contact via phone or e-mail or any third party, as if she ever answered those anyways. The final page is another flurry of signatures and they are pointed out by Mark, his clean fingernail underlining the final John Hancock, the dagger in the heart, her names, slumped messily for the final time into one, smudged with a tear into a quick ink run.

The rest is predictable: Mark finishes his steak, drinks at least six free beers but never changes his tune, asks for a house salad afterwards to help him digest. They bring the puke bucket over for me only after ten bites or so, after I start mixing the Pepto with the A1. I vomit as discreetly as I can while Mark finishes his meal. The more I get sick the faster he eats but also the happier he seems to become, like the meat is tasting better bite by bite, marinated by my physical discomfort and emotional distress, and so I am happy when I finally notice, while he eats his salad, a spit-thin line of ranch dressing stick to his mouth and begin its way down his chin, a crack in the armor revealed as I double over and wait this out, this thing with no discernible end in sight.

Capitalism Stole the Appetite
The Presence of Meals in *Roast Beef, Medium*

SHANNON HOLSTE

HUNGER SERVES AS A MOTIVATIONAL FORCE just as strong as sexual drive and which one can deny or repress in the same manner. In her study, *Writing the Meal,* Diane McGee examines the connection between the rise of American capitalism and the behaviors concerning meals at the turn of the century, particularly those noted in the works of female authors. According to McGee, the "habits surrounding meals are linked to social and historical changes," which, at the turn of the century, took the form of a "loss of past and tradition and their gradual replacement by a brand new world of consumerism and advertising" (8). Edna Ferber optimistically represents this change with Emma McChesney, the first female traveling salesperson, in her series of short stories *Roast Beef, Medium.* She contrasts the traditional rituals of eating with the new efficient form, a contrast which echoed in the kitchens of America as business came into the home in the form of home economics, the standardization of recipes, and the mass production of food. Emma represents the link between eating rituals and the new American business ideals by abandoning

cooking, eating in restaurants, and eventually forgoing the kitchen of her dreams.

The series begins with the title story, "Roast Beef, Medium." Ferber tells the reader right off that roast beef "is a philosophy...safe, sane, and sure" (v). At the turn of the century a movement gained force which promoted homogeneity as the new ideal which developed with the growing use of the assembly line factory system, producing thousands of identical items so that all consumers received the same product, McGee explains. A movement toward the homogeneity of foods also existed, as both men and women tried to apply science to the art of cooking, recommending specific, standardized measurements. Magazines abounded with recipes written by experts, who calculated the precise formula for the perfect meal. Recipes indicated a "clear prejudice in favor of the American... way, defined as blandly as possible" (McGee 33). The American way expressed fears of anything foreign, radical, or which offered a threat to the ideal of progress. A standardized recipe followed strict rules in the same manner society expected Americans to follow strict standards of conduct in the interest of producing the best possible results each time. Roast beef represents the favored meal of the heroine, Emma McChesney, and her adherence to the new, standardized capitalistic method of success. One cannot do much to deter from the standard method of preparing roast beef, thus consistently producing the same meal, a guarantee essential to the stable society necessary for business success.

Roast beef, in all its boring, "unimaginative" (Ferber 23) splendor, becomes a symbol of the bland, capitalistic method of success. Emma McChesney insists on doing business her own way, but she really follows the new scientific woman's method. When told her work is "no work for a woman" she decides she must be "unwomanly" (258). She avoids all fatally tempting dishes, the "chicken a la Creole... [the] breaded veal chops" of the world, and "reaches the safe haven of roast beef, medium" (2). The male business world advises those who would succeed to avoid speculation, work diligently, avoid alcohol, and generally temper any tendencies toward passion or creativity. Ferber translates this advice into the female

language of cooking and food. The other dishes represent the exotic temptations that lead the aspiring businessman away from the all-American work ethic. Even at breakfast Emma eats a "wise and cautious breakfast of fruit and cereal and toast and coffee" and reads the "morning paper as she [eats]" (89). Emma does not linger over breakfast as a pleasurable activity in itself, but utilizes the time to catch up on the news. Her choices of foods are bland and unenticing except to those more concerned with the paper than their meals.

Emma is a walking advertisement for the values of the American businessman. Not only does she consume little except the dependable roast beef, medium, which maintains its blandness no matter where on the road she may travel, but she also takes pains to eat as quickly and efficiently as possible, and not waste any time savoring and lingering over her food. She reads business ads while eating, taking "disinterested mouthfuls" and allowing her beef to grow "cold and flabby" (3) while she works. Later in the stories she eats only a sandwich "off the top of [her] desk" and "[dictates] letters between bites and swallows" (268-9). Eating becomes just another task she must complete in her busy day. She refuses to take lunch with her boss, T.A. Buck, because lunch represents the personal, while she wants nothing but a "business atmosphere... one practical desk, two practical chairs, one telephone" (240). Eating with another person signifies a close relationship; the sharing of bread indicates a communion between the participants that Emma wants to keep out of her business life.

Despite the practicality of Emma's method of success, when "efficiency... [is] the major [aim], the emotional, sensual, pleasurable, ritualistic aspects of both cooking and eating are... lost" (McGee 32). In the past, meals represented a ritual, a time to sit with family or close friends, enjoy the food and the company and deliberate over every bite. However, the new business ethic places time in the same category as exotic foods, and deems them too luxurious to have a place in the efficient business life. To be successful, one cannot take time to cook or to share meals with others, as the act of eating with others implies time spent in conversation, while a person eating alone can finish within a few minutes of uninterrupted eating.

The early twentieth century marked "the decline of the family meal and the growing trend toward eating alone" (McGee 25). Ferber goes so far as to prevent Emma from entertaining or even eating with a family, the traditional hallmarks of a woman's capabilities. Emma eats alone in restaurants, emphasizing the fact that she is both homeless and more or less alone. When she eats with her son, the meal ends after one sentence (Ferber 68), without any descriptions of food or conversation, indicating the de-emphasis of the family as a unit. The family of a successful woman becomes a family of individuals, who only come together for short meals. However, for the mother, "nurturing depends on repeated and regular care and feeding" (Sceats 11). Thus Emma worries over "what [her son]'s missed... of the barrenness of his boyhood" (Ferber 280) without any real family traditions or meals. Emma unconsciously feels something is lacking in the lives of herself and her son, a feeling which manifests in her concerns about her ability to mother.

In the past, mealtime traditions passed from parents to children. McGee points out that girls previously learned the secrets of cooking from their mothers, not from magazines. However, in the transforming economy, mothers of the lower class worked and had no time to teach their daughters, while society discouraged upper class mothers from doing much of anything, including cooking. When Emma thinks wistfully of "freshly baked cookies," "trimming the edges of pie tins...spoonfuls of gravy... [and] molasses" (Ferber 38) she longs not only for a home, but for a connection to the past with no equivalent in the new business ethic. Not once in any of the stories does Ferber mention Emma McChesney's parents. The reader does not know where she comes from, and Emma appears to lack this knowledge as well. She has a "wild longing to go in and select a ten-pound roast...to order wildly of sweet potatoes and vegetables, and soup bones, and apples for pies" (36-7). All of these are traditional American "comfort" foods, hearty and filling. Her longing is really for the essential lack of real values in her life, which she cannot replace with the new mode of business.

McGee explains, "the notion of striving and the feeling of mobility are... inherent in modern capitalism, (84)" as the ability not only

to move from one class to another, but from one place to another, has associations with success. For Emma, traveling signifies success and a search for a new way of being, but also leads to a sense of homelessness. While eating in restaurants "represents freedom from domestic fetters...dining on the run, especially alone, is both rooted in and symbolic of other things that are missing in a character's life" (89). Emma constantly longs for the rituals of mealtime she rejects in favor of efficiency. Every time she stops in certain cities, she replaces the absence of real fulfilling meals by spending the weekend cooking with a friend, or stopping for "Mrs. Traudt's dill pickles" (Ferber 256). She turns to her friend Mary Cutting for a relationship which replaces the traditional bonds of family, looking to her for "dinner... and [a] sleep between real sheets" (56). Mary Cutting represents things "wholesome [and] comforting" (59) which a family and a real home would provide if Emma did not renounce the ideals of family for the business world and traveling.

On one notable occasion Emma actually cooks. She stops to visit her friend Edna Morrissey, bringing the burlesque star Blanche LeHaye along for the experience. Here the women, all of them working, long again for a connection to the past. Blanche asks for "potatoes to peel... in a brown crock, with a chip out of the side" (Ferber 126). The image calls to mind a traditional home and perhaps a mother giving a daughter a crock of potatoes to peel. Ferber also gives attention to the preparation of caramel icing, a notoriously difficult delicacy to make. While Emma and her friend succeed in the business world, they cannot succeed with the icing, indicating that they venture too far from the traditional female sphere of success. Blanche LeHaye, however, succeeds despite her untraditional career. Though Emma McChesney and the society she represents do not approve of burlesque stars, Blanche participates in a form of creative expression completely opposite the homogenous world of business Emma and her friend inhabit. Emma's businesslike efficiency lacks the artistry necessary for success in traditional women's activities.

Blanche also remains nearer the old female sphere because of her "plump" (Ferber 111) figure. According to Roberta Seid, "the 'fat' woman [symbolizes] the family" while "the new slender woman

[symbolizes] youth" (qtd. in Heller 11). Ferber repeatedly refers to Emma's "trim" (7) figure, and Emma appears much younger than her actual age. "You're not a day over twenty-six" (17) insists one young man she meets on the road. People constantly confuse Emma McChesney with a younger woman who cannot possibly have a child. A hat she buys makes "her seventeen-year-old son an absurdity" (54), because one so attractive as Emma couldn't possibly remain attractive while caring for a child. Her appearance indicates her distance from maternity and represents the new woman who looks her best at all times, as her career comes before her motherly duties. Blanche LeHaye, though in an unusual career, retains the basic associations with motherhood that Emma lacks, and thus succeeds in cooking where Emma fails.

At the end of the collection Emma looks for an apartment to finally have a real home for her son. However, she examines a flat with a small kitchen. The agent assures her "most people think it's too large" because a big kitchen equals "too much work" (276). A large kitchen would require spending large amounts of time there, preparing large meals for many people. Emma initially protests the size of the kitchen, rambling about her dream "of a home" and "a kitchen where you could put up preserves, and a keg of dill pickles, and get a full-sized dinner without getting things more than just comfortably cluttered" (277). The kitchen she describes represents the traditions of the past, of close knit homes that revolve around the sharing of food. A smaller kitchen allows for efficiency, for the occasional meal not taken in a restaurant, and for the pre-prepared foods that will soon flood the market. She even "[makes] up [her] mind to... pay a maid who'll cook real dinners for" (281) herself and Jock. Emma gives up even on the prospect of cooking for her son, indicating her relinquishment of the traditional home she dreams of in the beginning of the stories. Though Emma hesitates, she appears to accept the small kitchen, thus forgoing all her desires for the richer life of pre-business era.

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Romance of the Lit Final:
A Personification Allegory Meta-Project

RAE CRABTREE

THE TALE I AM ABOUT TO RELATE is a dream of mine, slept through during the madness that was the last few weeks of a semester at Washington College. However, dear reader, I can assure you that, though it be a dream, it is a (mostly) true dream. To provide you some context; this dream occurred just after I was assigned a final creative project for my Medieval Literature class.

My dream began stepping out of the classroom at the end of the class in which the project was assigned. Accompanying me forth was a youthful, manic fellow who behaved as if he had just eaten a jumbo pixie stix and had a Mountain Dew chaser. I met him at the moment of the project's assignment, when, with a blazing twinkle in his eyes, he introduced himself as Enthusiasm. He spoke to me as we walked from the classroom, grinning and bouncing up and down in his joy.

"This project is going to be the most fun thing ever! You'll be able to write creatively again like you've been wanting to! And it's so open ended, the possibilities are endless! You're going to do great, your grade will be amazing! Go! Do it! Now!"

I have to admit, his infectious glee almost did me in, and I knew from that moment on that he would be indispensable in helping me finish my project. Enthusiasm led me towards the library in order to begin the undertaking ahead of me, but when we reached the steps, the way was blocked by Duty, a warrior-knight clad in shimmering silver armor. In front of her, she held a shield, painted with scenes from across history of people being rewarded for long and arduous toil; the center depicted Heracles at the end of his twelve great labors. In her right hand, she wielded Industry, a long, dull-ended polearm, its least violent use being to prod the industrious in the right direction. She removed her helm, revealing a stern face like that of grey-eyed Athena, and spoke.

"You cannot pass this way yet, my child. The time is long before your assignment is due, and you have other responsibilities to attend to. Go forth and fulfill your other obligations, and I will let you pass this way when the time is right. Do not be late, for I will be waiting for you. In the meantime, I will look after your companion there."

Duty swept young Enthusiasm up into her arms and bade me go. I bowed before her, knowing that her decision was just, and took my leave, seeking to accomplish what I had to do in the meantime.

Weeks passed, and by Duty's command, I finished all the other work that lay before me on my way. Suitably proud of my accomplishments, I set out upon the road that would lead me back to the library steps, where I knew Enthusiasm awaited me so that we might begin.

After I had walked a good while, I saw before me on the side of the road a camped gypsy caravan. The occupants had lit a campfire, and danced merrily around it. They were cheerful folk, clad in many colors, all of joyful demeanor, but they seemed to lack focus, and thus their dance was erratic and lacking form. Though I knew I still had a ways to go before I could reach the end of the road and complete my project, I thought there would be no harm in stopping to meet these lovely people. I joined in on the dance.

At the center of the group twirled a smiling lady, her form voluptuously clad in fine red velvet, raven hair streaming from her head. When I approached, she ceased to move, and affixed me with a

deep, long stare. Her dark eyes held within the gravity of all the black holes in the furthest reaches of space, and none of the glittering stars. She held her hand out to me in offering, and we danced together. Time itself seemed to crawl at its slowest pace for the two of us. I begged her to tell me her name, and she laughed.

"They call me Lady Procrastination, friend, and I promise you, you'll find freedom from all care in my arms."

She started to retreat into her chambers within the caravan, beckoning for me to follow. Intoxicated by her words and ways, I did, not caring where she might lead. Her chambers were decorated in the finest fashion. Inside, on a chair, sat a little girl with a playful manner and an evil grin. She rummaged through a gilded toy box, moving from object to object with waxing and waning joy and boredom, casting each successive toy aside within minutes. The girl strongly resembled the fair Lady, who spoke to the child sternly.

"Distraction, my daughter, I have a task for you, if you are up to it." The Lady bent and exchanged whispers that I could not hear with her daughter. In the end, Distraction consented to whatever Lady Procrastination had demanded, and left, leaving the two of us alone.

Lady Procrastination took me in her arms and kissed me, and for a long time from that point I remember nothing but bliss. Weeks, months, years could have flown by without my notice in that embrace. I nearly forgot all about the final project which had been assigned to me all that time ago.

I spoke of it one morning to the Lady as we lay beside each other, telling her of the project, and how I had spoken to Duty and befriended dear Enthusiasm that day. Lady Procrastination smirked at me in response, with a look that hinted that she was aware of something that had totally escaped my knowledge. Without a word, she reached down by the side of the bed and scooped up a fat, black cat. It wore a golden collar with the name ANXIETY branded on the front. She sat it upon my head before I could object.

I tried to speak, to think of my project, but Anxiety's weight pressed upon me so severely each time the thought crossed my mind that I soon found it quite painful to consider the subject at all. This

pleased Lady Procrastination, who pulled me back into our dalliance. I contented myself with this, knowing that if I tried to remove myself from the Lady's grasp, Anxiety's great weight would crush me. However, each new day I spent with Lady Procrastination, the cat grew heavier and heavier, and I realized that I now lay in an impossible trap.

One morning I looked up bleary-eyed from the bed, and saw that Distraction had returned, and was back at play by her toy box. By her side sat a boy who had the sad look of a child who had clearly been bullied into playing along with the other child's games. At first, I did not recognize him, because I did not wish to lean forward for a better look with plump Anxiety perching on my head. So I brushed my Lady's hair aside and graced her ear with a low whisper, asking after the boy.

"You don't know him?!" She exclaimed. "Why, that's your old friend, Enthusiasm. See what good friends he and Distraction have made." Lady Procrastination smiled at the children.

Anxiety crushed my skull more mightily than ever, and the sight of my old companion brought back to the surface all memories of my responsibility. I realized that I was long, long overdue for my date with Duty. I cried myself to sleep that night by the Lady's side, for Anxiety's claws now dug into my scalp so that his bloated bulk could keep its grip on my head, and the pain multiplied a billion fold.

I awoke the next morning to the sound of horse hooves thundering towards the camp. I sat up in bed as best I could, nearly crushed into the mattress by Anxiety. Duty, her silvery armor glimmering in the morning's light, charged in on her steed, Expectations, Industry held high in her hand. With a great swing of that mighty polearm, Duty swept Anxiety off of my head long enough for me to break free of Lady Procrastination's grasp. I sprang up immediately, grabbing dear Enthusiasm away from wicked little Distraction, running for both our lives. Anxiety waddled after me, slow but never ceasing.

Duty threw Lady Procrastination into the dirt outside her caravan, stripped her of all her velvet finery, and proclaimed "I banish

you, foul Procrastination, cause of all misery to honest and noble students. Flee, witch!"

Procrastination snarled at Duty, crawling to her feet. "Though you have banished me now, Duty, know that you will never be rid of me! Let your pupil finish her work now. I will return for her time and again, whenever she is cursed with one of your miserable tasks!" With those words, Procrastination crept away into the shadows.

The Lady's followers stared miserably at Duty with dull, empty eyes. She raised Industry, and with the dull end, nudged them all into a line, prodding them each back to the places where they rightfully belonged. At last, Duty returned to me, who stood waiting for her hand in hand with Enthusiasm. The boy had amused himself in the passing time trying to beat back Anxiety, who kept trying to climb up my back to take his perch on my head once more. Duty pointed to Anxiety, and regarded me coldly.

"Because of the time you choose to waste with Lady Procrastination, this will ever be your burden. Only you have the power to get rid of him, for even with my greatest powers I can only knock him aside for awhile."

I nodded, accepting my fate. I would have immediately sought to learn how to chase the cat away from me, but before I could take up any other task, Duty began to push me back towards the library with Industry, Enthusiasm and Anxiety lagging behind all the way.

When I arrived, Enthusiasm and I began our work, Anxiety perching upon my shoulder (the highest point he could reach). Though Enthusiasm and I sought earnestly after the task, we lacked impetus. Duty called in her ally, Inspiration, a legendary archer. While Love is legendary for his skill with a bow because of his deadly true aim, Inspiration's fame comes from the fickle misfirings of his bow, coupled with the rare golden arrows that inspire folk to greatness. Though she kept prodding him to shoot, it took hours before any of his arrows found their mark. I cannot say for sure if it was a golden arrow which struck me, but it glittered truly enough.

Once Inspiration had shot my heart, Enthusiasm smiled upon me and nodded. I began my project at once, in it telling the great

tale of my stay with the beautiful and false Lady Procrastination and of my rescue by noble Duty. As the very last keystroke was typed onscreen, and the project was submitted to my Professor, I awoke.

A WORD FROM THE PUBLISHER

WHEN I WAS A GANGLY, SCARED 18-YEAR-OLD, dreaming about college and all its wonders, I pictured myself sitting with my back against a tree. Somehow this image—not keg stands or inspired conversations into the night—captured my liberal arts ideal. I imagined sitting against a tree on a sweet, sunny day, all kinds of play and life around me—old red brick buildings, a Frisbee toss on the yard. I imagined myself sitting there, looking out over my future, thinking.

I guess I've always believed in thought—in the grace of a good idea, the salvation of clarity, the miracle of art. Not long ago, browsing through Virginia Woolf's diaries, I came across the passage that reminded me of this faith. "The most extraordinary thing about writing," she says, "is that when you've struck the right vein, tiredness goes. It must be an effort, thinking wrong."

I know what she means. Last night I sat down with this manuscript and felt my blood flow in contact with the clarity, depth, and originality of this student work. It's just good thinking, comfortable with paradox, advancing ideas delicately, but boldly, taking on what's important and not fearing to tremble with excitement and care. This work moved me, because it moves. It grows on the page. It smells as subtle as a flower and holds its stature—as it will hold its readers—as surely as an old oak tree.

— Joshua Wolf Shenk

CONTRIBUTORS

ALYSE BENSEL '10 spends most of her time in Miller Library desperately trying to make a living. She is an English major and also plans to major in environmental studies in an attempt to make obtaining all of the of the courses necessary to graduate as difficult as possible. Besides studying, she makes time for her love of music, drama and saving the environment. Alyse hopes to one day survive in the publishing industry. She would like to thank Professor Campion for his own enthusiam for poetry, which has translated her previous hate of it into a new passion.

MEGAN BLOCK '07 graduated as an English major and political science and creative writing minor. After graduation, she accepted a job teaching creative writing at The Johns Hopkins Center for Talented Youth. Megan would like to someday combine her love for writing and international and public affairs to influence people to make changes in the world, as the poem she has included attempts to do. Megan intends to continue traveling the world and learning and loving as much as possible.

GILLIAN BOURASSA '09 is a history major pursuing certification in secondary social studies education. Her research interests include medieval and early modern Europe as well as the Cold War and post-colonial worlds. She is involved in many organizations on campus and was also published in the 2007 edition of the *Washington College International Studies Review.* When school is not in session, she lives in Baltimore.

NICHOLE BRYANT '09 was born and raised in Perryville, Maryland. During high school she acquired stated and national licensures to become one of the youngest nationally certified dental radiography and expanded functions dental assistant (Certified Dental Assistant). Nichole is currently pursuing a business management degree with a pre-dental curriculum in hopes to attend dental school. Her pieces show two main concepts; 1. That dentistry is more complicated then it looks; and 2. Dentistry isn't always a negative and hated trade.

JOSHUA BURKHART '08 plans to graduate with a major in art and a minor in computer science. He is hoping to continue digital art after graduating. This is his second piece published in the *Washington College Review.*

RAE CRABTREE '09 is shocked that she has such awesome professors who let her get away with final projects this fun, much less that such a piece is getting published in something as upstanding as the *Washington College Review.* She is an English major with a minor in creative writing that she plans on getting back to . . . some day. Her piece, inspired by the *Romance of the Rose,* is just one of three final projects she can't believe she got away with, and the only one not dealing with the topic of Professional Wrestling. She is interested in pursuing a thesis on the works of J.R.R. Tolkien and has post-graduation plans of living in a cardboard box. She is from Bel Air, Maryland.

LIAM DALEY '07 received honors on both his English thesis, "For Ther as Want to Walken was an Elf:" Representations of Faeries and Elves in Middle English Romance, as well his drama thesis, an original play titled *What the Cat Said*, which was performed at the College in April 2007. On graduating, he was awarded the Sophie Kerr Prize for "achievement and promise in the field of literary endeavour." He is currently earning a masters of literature with a specialization in Shakespeare from the University of St. Andrews in Scotland.

SHANNON HOLSTE '07 graduated with a major in humanities and minors in creative writing and art, after transferring from Savannah College of Art and Design where she studied fashion. She is fascinated by the way everyday activities such as eating and dressing influence supposedly more important things like politics, economics, and literature, and plans to spend her life pursuing her favored occupations, cooking and sewing.

ELISE KELLER '10 has been writing since the second grade and came to Washington College to pursue creative writing. She is an aspiring writer in the fiction genre but also enjoys poetry. Elise plans to double major in English/environmental science and minor in creative writing.

AIMÉE KIDD '07 grew up in Westminster, Maryland. She graduated from Washington College *magna cum laude* with an art major, creative writing minor, and certification in secondary education. Because her father is profoundly deaf and her mother is slightly deaf, she started using sign language as well as articulating speech as a toddler and carries an appreciation for this use of language into her creative endeavors.

BENJAMIN KOZLOWSKI '09 hails originally from Sussex, New Jersey and High Point Regional High School. Other than writing, he enjoys computer programming, ruminating about philosophical topics and railing against the forces of existential terror in the world, but not to the point of indigestion. He hopes one day to be a "real writer"—whatever that means—but in the meantime, he will keep reading, writing, and looking out of windows.

VAL LARSON '07 graduated with a degree in drama and humanities. Her piece is an excerpt from her senior humanities thesis, which explores the early modern understanding of gardens and how this understanding influenced and informed Shakespeare's use of gardens as settings in his plays.

LINDSAY LUSBY '08 is an English major and creative writing minor at Washington College. She would like to dedicate her poem to Dr. and Mrs. Gillin and the Kiplin Hall program that gave her the opportunity to leave the U.S. and visit places like Whitby, England. Maybe one day she will get to go back.

MICHAEL McGRATH '07 is eyeing big cities from afar and biding his time. He is committed to finding another way to fill the hole, even if it is only with the struggle of the search.

CHELSEA PRIOR '07 graduated with departmental honors in chemistry. She also is the proud recipient of the Clark-Porter Medal, awarded to the student whose character and personal integrity have most clearly enhanced the quality of campus life.

HAILEY REISSMAN '10 is steadily trying to take on life. She plans to major in English while haphazardly and earnestly exploring as much else as she can, including environmental studies. Hailey enjoys getting lost, excessive amounts of Indian food, sounds, icy mountain air, canoeing trips, walking barefoot on grass, and figuring things out. She wants to thank Dr. Sherman and Ms. Chambers for reading the long drafts, the *Washington College Review* for publishing what those drafts became, and anyone who recycles.

KAITLYN RUITENBERG '07 graduated with a degree in art. She is excited to have part of her thesis art piece presented in the *Washington College Review.*

ERIKA SALOMON '07 graduated with a B.A. in drama and a key from Phi Beta Kappa. A native of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, she is currently pursuing a career in theatre in the Philadelphia area as a stage manager and an actor. Having directed three short and politically intense pieces by Harold Pinter in April 2007, she hopes to continue to inspire political activism through theatre.

EMMA SOVICH '08 is an English major with minors in art and creative writing. She spent a semester in Australia, and wrote "Franz Josef" after encountering the glacier in New Zealand. Her obsessions include ceramics, bookmaking, letterpress, and poetry. She alternately frets over and blithely ignores the possibilities for her life beyond May '08, so rather than list dreams, she'll thank her family: You're the best!

ALLISON SUTTON '07 graduated with a degree in art.

MOLLY E.WEEKS '07 graduated *magna cum laude* with departmental honors in both drama and english. She was a recipient of the 2006 Friends of the Arts Scholarship and is currently pursuing a career in dramaturgy and literary management. During her time at the college, she was active with the drama department, Riverside Players, Writers' Union, Sigma Tau Delta, Cater Society of Junior Fellows, Omicron Delta Kappa, and Writer's Theatre, as well as serving as features editor to *The Collegian*.

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